

JOURNAL
OF THE
TWELVE MONTHS CAMPAIGN
OF
GEN. SHIELDS' BRIGADE,
IN MEXICO,
IN THE YEARS 1846-7.

COMPILED FROM NOTES OF
LIEUTENANTS J. J. ADAMS & H. C. DUNBAR.

BY CAPT. W. W. BISHOP,
COMPANY D, THIRD REGIMENT, ILLINOIS VOLUNTEERS.

ST. LOUIS:
CATHCART, PRESCOTT & CO., PRINTERS, CORNER MAIN AND OLIVE STREETS.
1847.

Graff

The Newberry Library

The Everett D. Graff Collection
of Western Americana

308

A
JOURNAL
OF THE
TWELVE MONTHS CAMPAIGN
OF
GEN. SHIELDS' BRIGADE,
IN MEXICO.
IN THE YEARS 1846-7.

COMPILED FROM NOTES OF
LIEUTENANTS J. J. ADAMS & H. C. DUNBAR.

BY CAPT. W. W. BISHOP,
COMPANY D, THIRD REGIMENT, ILLINOIS VOLUNTEERS.



ST. LOUIS:
CATHCART, PRESCOTT & CO., PRINTERS, CORNER MAIN AND OLIVE STREETS.
.....
1847.

J. C. F. C.

THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR LENOX TILDEN FOUNDATION

1898

NEW YORK



JOURNAL.

On the twentieth of June, 1846, the volunteers who had responded to the call of the Governor, in Coles county, took up the line of march from Charleston for Alton, the place of rendezvous. A large collection of friends and relatives had assembled in Charleston, to witness the novel and affecting spectacle. Refreshments had been spread in the grove west of the village, around which parting friends were exchanging what was known to be, to many, the last fond adieus. The choicest viands were untouched—upon the downy cheek of beauty, and the furrowed visage of age, coursed the silent tear.

The first encampment was at Wabash Point, fifteen miles west, where a sumptuous supper was spread in the grove, prepared by the ladies of that vicinity; here was commenced camp life. On the 21st, Shelbyville was made; Capt. Prentiss having met, four miles out, and escorted us with his company of mounted men to an encampment west of that hospitable village. Here we remained on the 22d, being urged to participate in the entertainment given to our brother volunteers of Shelby county. We left early on the morning of the 23d; we encamped on the farm of Capt. Freeman, who, with his company, arrived the same evening. We were again entertained and feasted by the citizens of this neighborhood, and at sunrise, June 24th, the Coles and Shelby volunteers associated as soldiers, bound to endure the same fortunes in the distant foreign clime, to which they were marching at the call of their country.

Our progress until we reached Alton, was arrested at every step, by the overflowing kindness of our fellow-citizens. On the 24th, we were entertained with a dinner at Mr. John Sears' farm, neatly prepared by himself and neighbors. On the same evening, at the town of Van Buren, we found all that the most fastidious could desire, elegantly gracing the supper table; the 25th, after breakfasting with the same kind friends, we marched thirty-five miles and encamped. June 26th, we passed through Edwardsville, arriving in town early in the day. Soldiers could not prove recreant to the honor of their country, after being greeted with the delicate attentions of the citizens of this place—we can never forget the ladies of Edwardsville,

At this place we were joined by Captain Hardy, of Hamilton county, on his way to Alton with his company. Encamped at Upper Alton, and on the 27th the company was mustered by Gen. Shields into the service of the United States, to serve twelve months in the war against Mexico; this afternoon encamped on the hill north of Alton, at a place called the "Cave Spring."

June 30th—The 1st and 2d Regiments organized, and elected their Colonels—Col. Hardin of the 1st, and Col. Bissell of the 2d.

July 4th—The 3d Regiment was organized, composed as follows:

FERRIS FOREMAN, of Fayette county, *Colonel*;

W. W. WILLEY, of Bond county, *Lieutenant Colonel*;

SAMUEL D. MARSHALL, of Gallatin county, *Major*;

J. B. STAPP, of Fayette county, *Adjutant*;

CHARLES EVERETT, of Quincy, *Sergeant Major*.

Company A—Fayette county,	Capt. Stout,
" B—Shelby county,	" Frecman.
" C—Montgomery county,	" McAdams.
" D—Coles county,	" Bishop.
" E—Bond county,	" Sellers.
" F—Wayne county,	" Campbell.
" G—Gallatin county,	" Lawler.
" H—Jefferson county,	" Hicks,
" I—Hamilton county,	" Hardy,
" J—Pope county,	" McGinnis.

We remained in the vicinity of Alton until July 22d, when seven companies embarked on board the steamer Glencoe, the remaining three on the John Aull, and left for New Orleans the same day, where we arrived and encamped on the Battle-Ground, the 30th of July. During this passage, the volunteers began to learn by experience, the privations to which a soldier is exposed. The greater portion of our regiment had never been out of sight of the green fields and cool streams of their native hills; to be suddenly crowded in narrow and necessarily filthy quarters, compelled to drink the warm and turbid waters of the Mississippi, cast a momentary gloom over their hitherto joyous countenances. "The natural distinction between officer and private," was also here first observed; and to unsophisticated men, had an anti-republican shade, exceedingly grating to the feelings.

The 3d Regiment mustered nine hundred and eighty-nine men when it was embarked at Alton; the first loss was the desertion of a private at Baton Rouge. On the 2d of August, Harman Eastin, of Company D, died from an accidental cause, which was the first death in the Regiment. He was buried with military honors, on the Battle-Field, below New Orleans.

August 4th—The regiment began embarking on several vessels—destination, Brazos Santiago, Texas, where we all arrived in safety, with the exception of one man of Capt. Hicks' company, who died on the passage and

was consigned to a watery grave. A large Shark was caught by the volunteers on board one of the vessels; on opening, portions of the body of a man and the leg of a horse, with a shoe on, was found in the voracious animal.

The Brazos Island, upon which we and the 4th Illinois were encamped, is a low sand bank; water of a miserable quality is obtained by sinking barrels in the sand; the island is some ten miles in circumference, destitute of vegetation—it had been the temporary encampment of several thousand soldiers who had preceded us, *en route* for the Rio Grande. The desolation of the place was equalled only by its pestiferous odors, which had attracted flies in countless myriads. Disease and Death here entered our Camp—several were buried in these drifting sands. There had formerly existed a Mexican town on this island, of several hundred inhabitants; every vestige of the place was swept off in one of those terrible storms which are frequent upon this coast. The harbor of Brazos Santiago is of difficult approach, only six feet water upon the bar—the anchorage is insecure.

August 12th—A detail of the 3d and 4th was sent across to the Rio Grande, distance ten miles, to clear out an encampment. On the 13th, the 3d and 4th, under Col. Baker, took up the line of march for the Rio Grande; the column moved at 11 o'clock, A. M., thermometer standing at 98 in the shade. This was the first march on foot undertaken by our men; they were raw, knowing nothing of the advantages of which the old campaigner avails himself—death to several resulted from this march. The Rio was made on the evening of the 13th. Eight miles by land above the mouth it is equal to the Missouri in rapidity of current—six miles per hour—is two hundred yards wide, very crooked, water of a dirty color, owing to the great quantity of sand held in suspension. When drawn out, the water of the Rio Grande rapidly settles, and is the lightest water known—its quality is excellent. This river is navigable, six months in the year, for second class boats, as far up as Camargo, distance five hundred miles; it was ascended last year (1846) two hundred miles higher. At the mouth, the country is low and destitute of timber, resembling salt marsh lands; the part where our encampment was located, is a small elevation, covered with a growth of muskeet timber, which is the prevailing wood of the valley of the Rio Grande. The muskeet is similar in appearance to the peach, and attains the size of that tree; an old peach orchard gives you the exact representation of a grove of muskeet. The prickly pear is seen here, as it is in every region of Mexico. We found nine regiments of volunteers encamped in this vicinity, from the States of Kentucky, Ohio, Tennessee, Georgia, Indiana, and Illinois. Much sickness was prevailing: twenty-five deaths occurred on the day we arrived; the dead were buried on the hill where we encamped, and the frequent solemn march, gave sad foreboding of those scenes to which we were soon to experience the reality.

Excellent fish are obtained at the mouth of the Rio Grand; at low tide they are easily taken in any quantity desired; sea crabs of the finest quality abound. The land crab covers the earth at this place: they live in holes similar to the crawfish, and after a shower of rain are seen in innumerable multitudes traversing the surface. They were exceedingly annoying to us, as they existed in our tents and were not satisfied to rest at night, but were continually creeping over us, and became entangled in our blankets.

August 18th—We removed our encampment, for the convenience of water, upon the immediate bank of the river, which was then bank full, and at high tide we were scarcely above the flood. On the 19th, the 3d Regiment, the first time, came out for dress parade.

Heavy rains were frequent; it became necessary to make embankments around every tent; on the night of the 29th, our encampment was deluged with water—all our defences overflowed, and those who had neither box or trunk upon which to take refuge, had the pleasure of standing all night in the water. These rains were succeeded by hot sunshine, and the soil, which is a rich loam, was trampled by the closely encamped regiment into excellent mortar; there was no leaving the immediate vicinity of our camp, without wading through water knee deep. In this encampment the measles broke out, which was the cause of three-fourths of the deaths during the ensuing three months.

There are no Mexican inhabitants nearer than Burita, a small place five miles above. We had, up to this date, seen none of the productions of the country—either vegetable or fruit—with the exception of a few *slow deer*, i. e. beef, which proved of good quality.

On the 31st, two men died in our regiment, and on the 3d of September, a boat left the Rio, crowded with discharged sick men of various regiments; about twenty belonged to the 3d Illinois. At this time our loss by deaths, equaled two every day. Our camp having become intolerable, on the 9th of September, we commenced moving up the Rio, to the town of Burita, to which five companies arrived on the 10th. Here we found ourselves, to our infinite satisfaction, out of the mud and again on dry land; there are, however, more mosquitoes at Burita than in any portion of Mexico we have seen.

The first habitations of the Mexicans we here saw, and as the Rancheros, or poor class of natives, are the same in habits and manners throughout Mexico, we will here notice them. A ranche is built of small poles placed perpendicular, made fast to a slight frame, with raw hide; there are no windows, the door is generally strong, and the air circulates pleasantly between the poles of which the ranche is constructed. The inside of the ranche is subdivided with partitions, made with cane or reeds placed perpendicular and fastened with raw hide; the bedsteads are made with reeds fastened together in the same way and placed horizontally upon poles, three feet from

the floor, which is clay. There is no furniture in the ranche; they set upon dry hides placed upon the ground. The ranche is covered with reeds or the palmetto, which are secured to the rafters with raw hide, making a durable and very efficient covering.

At a few steps from the ranche, is an open structure, well covered, under which the women cook and grind their corn. These people stew their beef in earthen pots, seasoning too high for our palates, with a native pepper—they do not consume one-fourth the quantity we use. Corn is boiled in ley to take the hull off, is then washed in water and ground by rubbing it upon a stone bench, with a smaller stone held with the hands; good meal is expeditiously made in this way, and is immediately worked between the hands into thin cakes and baked upon a griddle; while one cake is baking the woman is busy making another, and so on until all the meal is baked that she has ground. No more meal is ground than is baked at each time of cooking; no salt is used in their bread, and none with their meat. They use the milk of cows, goats and asses: the milk of the latter animals was in bad repute among us, so much so as to prejudice the taste of all milk in Mexico.

The people of the ranches are cleanly in their persons, frequently using the bath, both sexes swimming in the river together; the females are expert swimmers, and their long floating hair completes the idea we have of the Mermaid—they are the only live animals of that fabled creature we have ever seen.

The women wash excellently, and keep the apparel of their families neatly preserved. We were surprised to find, notwithstanding their praiseworthy regard to cleanliness, that every man, woman and child in Mexico was lousy; in the evening there appears to be an hour devoted to catching those disgusting vermin, and the whole population may, at that hour, be seen inspecting each other's heads. They have no shame about the matter; a young lady will not be disturbed in the smallest degree, if you "happen in" while her luxuriant tresses are undergoing an exploration of the kind. These people are all thieves and liars—if you take a child in your arms, he will immediately have his hands in your pockets; let him hear silver chink, and his eyes will glisten with an irrepressible desire to obtain it.

The women of the ranches perform the greater portion of the labor necessary to subsistence in this country; they manufacture the blanket which is found upon every man: it is beautifully woven with variegated colors—the patterns of endless variety, showy, and many in good taste; these blankets are worth from six to one hundred and twenty dollars. The blanket is indispensable to the Mexican—it is always upon his shoulders, and worn with graceful ease. The ponolon is worn by the whole female world in Mexico—by those of the ranche as well as the proudest donna; it covers the head, shoulders, and more or less the face, as fancy may dictate. Young

ladies, in proportion to their beauty, we noticed provokingly conceal themselves from observation with the ponolon. Ladies of wealth are distinguished by the richness of this article of attire; but the inimitable grace with which it is made to deck the person, is natural to every Mexican lady. Bonnets and parasols are unknown in Mexico; every other article of female decoration comes from the Parisian milliner, and is subject to all the changes which obtain in that centre of the fashionable world.

In person, the Mexican is more delicately made than the people of the United States—in physical power the difference is two to one in favor of the American; this is caused partially by climate and indolent habits, but principally the consequence of original difference in races.

September 11—The Mexicans, for the first time, came to our encampment to trade; they brought milk in large earthen jugs, and sold it at six cents per pint; it was observed that in their sales to us, we were treated with cautious suspicion: no article was suffered to be handled by us until paid for—the result, no doubt, of false representations having been made to them, and also, the consequence of measuring us by themselves. Credit is unknown to them, it being thought incredible that a man would pay for an article where no law, other than moral honesty, existed to enforce justice.

There is a large and better breed of mules and jacks at Burita, than in any portion of Mexico we visited. The epicure, also, can obtain in this vicinity birds of the snipe and plover species, of rare delicacy; we never met their equal, and they are in countless numbers.

We embarked the 15th on board a steamer, bound up the river, to a new encampment, and on the 16th, landed at a point fifteen miles below Matamoros, where the 3d and 4th Illinois encamped as a brigade, under General Shields. On the same evening, there was an invitation given to us, by the Alcalde of this place, to a fandango, preceded by a bull fight. We were not in time to see the fight, but learned it was a tame affair, compared with the genuine Spanish amusement of the kind. The fandango "came off" in the open air, in front of the rancho, on a spot of ground which had been prepared for the purpose. This was the first time we had associated with the ladies of Mexico, and were agreeably surprised with our reception. We found the natives genteelly dressed, possessing a politeness equal to that of country places in the States; the music was not of the softest kind, and the "dust kicked up" made it necessary to sprinkle water on the floor between cotillions; yet the novelty of the scene compensated for these inconveniences, and the amusement was continued until a late hour.

The inhabitants of Mexico do not live on farms, as with us; at convenient places for water, settlements are made, where from one hundred to one thousand inhabitants build their ranches; the land is owned by a single family, the head of which is the Alcalde, who dispenses law as he understands

it, to all who reside upon his estate. We were informed by a Mexican, who lived on the estate where we were now encamped, that his landlord owned eleven miles front upon the Rio and eighteen back; any one was privileged to build a ranche upon the estate, the Alcalde holding a kind of feudal control over every resident upon his lands. If the Alcalde had any work to be done, he could call upon his vassals to do it; this, however, was no hardship, as he had no greater disposition to exact labor than his tenants to perform it. A proportion of the products of cultivated land is paid the landlord, and all the cattle are his. The policy of the landholder is to keep his tenants poor—they can own nothing, and are merely serfs belonging to the estate upon which they live. By a law of Mexico, the debtor can be sold by his creditor, and remain a slave until the debt is liquidated; a Mexican sold for one hundred dollars, remains in perpetual bondage, as under their wretched system of laws, no efforts on his part will ever secure to him that amount of money. Whatever a slave acquires by his labor, belongs to his master, who credits him with the amount received; his subsistence comes from his master, who thereby continually increases the debt against his slave.

September 18th—The heat very oppressive—thermometer 100 in the shade. In the evening a heavy rain—our encampment flooded with water; sickness prevailing to an alarming extent; in the 3d and 4th Regiments, upwards of three hundred upon the sick list—the measles the prevailing disease, which proves very fatal.

On the 20th, an order came for the brigade to move up to Camargo, all the bad cases of sickness to be left at hospital in Matamoros; there were found one hundred and sixty-nine dangerously ill, all of whom were collected on one boat and sent to Matamoros. A more distressing sight is seldom witnessed, than that presented by our unfortunate fellow-soldiers at this time. We knew there was much disease in our camp, but its full reality was not known until seen at one view upon the boat.* The embarkation of the brigade commenced on the 21st, portions of it leaving as boats presented. Camargo was reached by the first detachment on the 27th, at night, and the first news that greeted our ears, was that an express from Gen. Taylor had arrived, with the official account of the fall of Monterey. We were present when the bearer gave a verbal account of the affair to General Patterson. There we had the pleasure of seeing Gen. Patterson, and became favorably impressed with his abilities, which, after acquaintance, continually strengthened. A first interview with the General, particularly among volunteers, did not always tell to his advantage—his manners were not formed in the western school; and our men, from this circumstance, formed, in the early period of the campaign, an erroneous estimate of his character. He is a man of energetic, systematic and indefatigable habits—a drone cannot live in

*The most of these men either died or were discharged from the service.

his vicinity; his discipline was rather severe for volunteers, but all admitted his efficiency.

The country on both sides of the Rio Grande, above Matamoros, as far as Camargo, wears a uniform appearance; in many places the land is not above high water mark, but not more subject to overflow than the bottom lands of the Mississippi. On the south bank, the greater portion of the settlements are made; the only town of any importance is Reynosa, forty miles by land below Camargo; the place is handsomely situated on elevated bluffs, contains one thousand inhabitants; has a bad reputation, being known as the rendezvous of robbers and assassins, which reputation it fully sustained in a number of instances while we were in the country. The lands upon the Rio are excellent, producing luxuriantly, corn, sugar cane and cotton—for the cultivation of the sugar cane, no superior land could be desired. The climate would give the planter of the Rio Grande an advantage of at least one-third, over the same on the Mississippi. For grazing purposes, this region is unsurpassed, the open woodlands affording luxuriant pasturage; we found no beef superior to that of the Rio Grande. For pastoral life, this region fully realizes the Arcadia of the poets; if any land will spontaneously supply the wants of man and free him from the drudgery of labor. Deer, turkey, pheasants, ducks and geese, are innumerable—the turkey and pheasant of delicious quality. A small species of wolf abounds throughout this valley; at all our encampments their noisy, dog-like bark was heard at intervals during the night. The Mexicans do not destroy the wolf, or any other wild animal, appearing to live in perfect friendship with all; a knowledge of the difference between us and the Mexicans, was soon learned by the natives of the forest.

Our army suffered greatly upon the Rio Grande from disease, which circumstance has given the country a bad reputation; there were causes, other than those incident to the climate, which decimated our ranks in this region. Inactivity and want of excitement were the principal—the greater portion of our volunteers came from their farms, and were accustomed to daily labor; the sudden transition—the entire change of diet and habits—was of itself equal to produce the sickness experienced. It was observed in all the volunteer regiments, that individuals from towns suffered far less than those from the country; the robust, muscular farmer died because he was deprived of an opportunity to exert his physical powers; while the feeble clerk or mechanic, who had been dying by piece-meal at home, was exhilarated by exposure in the open air and exercise, to him all sufficient. The climate of the Rio Grande is undoubtedly as healthy as that of any Western State.

Camargo is on the south side of the San Juan, six miles from its junction with the Rio Grande; it contains a population of 1500, is the residence of Canales, who owns the principal building on the plaza; his family were liv-

ing in a portion of his house while we lay at Camargo. The San Juan river is one hundred yards wide at its mouth, and takes its rise in the Sierra Madre, flowing past Monterey; the maps erroneously place Monterey upon the Rio del Tigre; indeed, all that portion of Northern Mexico through which our army marched, is unknown to geographers: there are large cities whose existence has hitherto been hid—even Victoria, the capital of the province of Tamaulipas, is not to be found upon the maps.

The vicinity of Camargo bears evidence of having at one time been under cultivation; all is now waste lands. The annual depredations of the Comanches, and a miserable government which curses this people, combining to depopulate and impoverish the country. Six miles above Camargo, the San Juan descends over a precipice, impeding navigation, except at a high stage of water—it is known to be navigable above the falls, to within sixty miles of Monterey.

Our encampment was below the town, on the bank of the river, fifty feet above the surface of the water. We were informed that the spring previous, this elevated bank, and the adjacent country, was inundated by the unusual freshets of 1846. At this place we suffered more from sickness, than at any former location; the water of the San Juan is bad, producing affections of the bowels; and the rains having ceased, we were very much annoyed with clouds of dust, which overwhelmed us, rendering it impossible many days to turn out for drill. At such times no provisions could be cooked, and we have seen the poor sick volunteer, lying in his tent buried in that dust to which he would, the next day, be forever consigned.

There is in Camargo a Catholic chapel; as is usual in every town in Mexico, it is a building having no pretensions to architectural beauty, a portion only of it being finished, which we observed was the case in many instances in other towns. Religious services among the Catholics, in Mexico, does not differ in essential particulars from that practiced in the same church with us, with the exception of the ornaments upon the images, the complexion of the saints and the virgin: these are dressed in the fashion and partake of the dusky hue of Mexicans. In the vicinity of every town and city in Mexico, there is a walled and consecrated grave-yard, the space within which has been repeatedly opened for the reception of the dead. Every true Catholic is buried, if possible, in consecrated ground; his decayed remains, however, are afterwards treated with total indifference. Old graves are opened and the bones of occupants thrown out to make place for new comers, and those again in process of time undergo the same contempt. Scull bones, and other portions of skeletons, may be seen scattered over these grave-yards, giving them a disgusting aspect to a sensitive mind.

Our time passed at this encampment as dull as could be conceived; when, to relieve the monotony of existence, and "for other purposes," on the 30th.

of October, Capt. Lawler, Lieut. Jones, Sergt. Eddy and myself, made a party to visit General Taylor, at Monterey. Having provided twelve days rations, we crossed the San Juan and encamped in the enclosure of a Mexican, fifteen miles distant. Travelers in this country pack their own provisions, otherwise the chances would be in favor of starvation; it being a rare circumstance that a Mexican village would have a supply sufficient to furnish a party of half a dozen Americans. We purchased green corn stalks for our horses, as they were mustangs, and would not eat grain—twenty-five cents bought as many stalks as a horse needed for one night; we also bought all the eggs in the ranche, which were sold here at thirty-seven and a half cents per dozen, and with our own supplies, made supper—the natives looking on with astonishment at the amount consumed. Our Mexican landlord politely invited us, some hour or more after our repast, to take supper with him, which we found spread out upon a bed—the plates were upon napkins. The supper consisted of stewed chicken, coffee, and corn bread, made in thin cakes, without salt—neither knives or forks were upon the table, or rather bed.

We would here observe, that the word ranche means either a single house or a collection of houses—a collection of houses, forming one community, are called a large or small ranche, according to the number of houses. At an early hour we continued our march, which led up the bank of the Rio Grande for several miles, passing through a rich body of land, covered with the muskeet timber; along the road we saw a few ranches; leaving the Rio, the land was very much parched with drought, and the timber dwindled down to bushes not exceeding six feet high. After making twelve miles, we came to Mier, situated on a considerable branch of the Rio Grande; this town is well built, in the Moorish style, and contains two thousand inhabitants. The town is surrounded by an arid waste, and we were at a loss to conceive how the citizens continued to exist—no cultivation being on either side for many miles; upon enquiring of an old Italian, with whom we put up on our return, we learned that at a distance of fifteen miles, on the Rio Grande, the principal inhabitants had farms which they cultivated with the aid of the poorer class. They brought their subsistence from that distance, not daring to live upon their farms for fear of the Comanches; two days before our arrival in Mier, a party of only forty of these savages rode through the streets, killing several and capturing a young girl. Our Italian friend has resided twenty years at Mier; says when he came to the country, it was in a prosperous condition; but misrule, and the semi-annual visits of the Comanches, were rapidly sweeping the land with the besom of destruction; in his house the Mier prisoners were taken, and the perforated walls and doors witness that hot work had been there.

The people of Mier are of a better class than those of any town,—not

excepting Matamoros—on the Rio Grande; there is a frankness about them, contrasting favorably with the sullen demeanor seen elsewhere. In the place were two American merchants, with small stocks of goods; also, a hatter's shop, carried on by an American.

Leaving Meir, we traveled over a hilly, parched country, producing stunted brushes, with rare spots of grass. The day was oppressively hot, and we had not yet learned the necessity of filling canteens with water, whenever it was to be had, consequently, we suffered—having left Meir without water. On the right hand side of the road, eighteen miles from Meir, is a rapid mountain stream—it is about two hundred yards from the road, and might not be discovered by a stranger. We were led to suppose, by the vegetation, that water was near, but were about leaving in despair, when one of our party discovered the stream, silently, but rapidly flowing in a deep bed. Fifteen miles from this place is the large rancho of Pantiagudo, where we camped for the night. There are seven hundred inhabitants here; it is pleasantly situated upon a stream of good water. The mountains of Sierra Madre are in view—the soil is good.

November 1st—After breakfast, were again on the road, passing through a beautiful country, well watered by mountain rivulets, and arrived at the town of Ceralvo, twelve miles from Pantiagudo. Ceralvo is charmingly located upon a limpid stream, which is conducted by trenches through the gardens of the inhabitants—population five hundred. On the north side of the town are beautiful groves of small timber, in midst of luxuriant blue grass plains. Leaving Ceralvo, our road passed over a succession of rocky ridges, between which were valleys of good land on running water; in all these valleys could be seen the traces of former cultivation. We encamped, after a long march, in the dry bed of a considerable river, called Rocky Branch. In a deep hole, was chrystal water, supplied from a spring at the base of a perpendicular cleft—the skeleton of a man was near by. We passed to-day the first team of wagons that Gen. Taylor had been able to fit out; his subsistence and ordnance stores he was compelled to transport upon mules. We have met great numbers of the return trains of pack mules; these mule trains are owned by Mexicans, who make a trip from Camargo to Monterey and back for seven dollars per mule, each mule packing three hundred pounds—the Mexican drivers bear all the expenses of the trains; they are the best mule drivers in the world. We noticed that an unruly mule or horse was made fast to the tail of one more steady, and frequently a continuous line of six or more were led in this way, head and tail attached.

A horse or mule has more strength in the tail than is generally known with us; it is common in Mexico, to see horses pulling by the tail; this mode of harnessing is cheap, nothing being required but a single line.

At this encampment our party was strengthened by the addition of the

train of a sutler, traveling to Monterey, whom we had overtaken; there also came from the mountains a caravan of Mexicans, with earthen ware, packed upon jacks of very diminutive size. The appearance of these natives, jacks and all, cannot be imagined without being seen. The owner of the caravan was a tall old Arab looking man, seated upon a jack which he steered and assisted along with his feet; they were evidently one family, numbering thirteen persons, among them three females. These people were as primitive as the old patriarchs, of whom they were living representatives.

November 2d—On the road at early dawn; were now in the vicinity of mountains and robbers; breakfasted at Ramos, a small village, known as the head-quarters of Canales in this region. There is a square built, fort-looking house as you enter the place, and a similar one where the road leaves. We counted eighty-nine crosses fixed upon the trees and fences, within one mile of Ramos, telling the traveler that as many murders had been committed. It is the custom in Mexico to erect a cross on the spot where a dead body is found—the date of erection and a prayer for the welfare of the murdered man's soul, is usually painted upon the cross. We frequently saw four of these evidences of murder and religion, in the same tree; the road from Camargo to Monterey is lined with them, none of which are dated further back than ten or twelve years, but fragments of them are seen, of older date, showing that a tittle only of these murders are known. Mexicans, when passing one of these crosses, place a small stone at its foot, and repeat a prayer for the dead man's benefit, showing that they do not bear malice towards the man they have deprived of life.

Continuing our journey on the 3d, we traversed an elevated country, seeing many small vales of very rich land and excellent pasturage; we passed through the town of Marin; some very good buildings in the place; contains fifteen hundred inhabitants, and is twenty miles from Monterey; crossed a small river, two miles distant, and encamped in a neighborhood looking more like that of farms in the States, than any we had seen in Mexico. We had got out of bread, and went to several ranches, but could get none; found the natives very friendly—bought eggs at twenty-five cents per dozen. It is the invariable custom in Mexico, when an article is asked for, that the amount usually consumed at one meal, by a Mexican, is brought to you. If you ask for eggs, they will bring two, and when you pay, and continue calling for more, it is difficult to make them understand. Having, with the use of all our Spanish, succeeded in getting two dozen eggs, this evening, of a Mexican lady, we made our supper without bread, substituting roasted corn. On the 4th we traveled six miles, and halted at General Taylor's camp. The distance from Camargo to Monterey is variously estimated; from one hundred and fifty to one hundred and eighty miles; there is an excellent road between the places.

We reported to General Taylor and partook of the hospitalities of his table. It would be idle in us to attempt a description of the hero of the Mexican war at this time, were we capable of doing justice to the subject—every one, even the children in our country, know and appreciate the character of Gen. Taylor. He is as simple in manners as he is great in deeds, wielding that unlimited sway over his fellow men, characteristic of greatness of mind—eulogy cannot reach him—detraction rises not to the pure elevation in which he exists—he is above envy.

Next day, the 5th, we rode to the city of Monterey, distant four miles from Gen. Taylor's quarters; the city is on the north bank of the San Juan, which is here a rapid stream, full of warm lime stone water. Its location is on apparently a low piece of ground, caused by the proximity of abrupt mountains, which stand out in bold relief in the grand panorama surrounding. East and west are seen detached mountains, apparently dropped down on the plain. As we entered the vale of Monterey, the sun was obscured, and the highest peaks of the mountains were seen above the clouds; the mists were gradually dispelled by the rising sun, when the mountains appeared clothed in floating golden colored robes. Monterey is compactly built of lime stone, the houses flat roofed with open courts, secluded gardens, surrounded by strong stone walls.

The population is computed at fifteen thousand, the greater portion having left with the retiring Mexican army; those remaining bore the appearance of conquered but discontented people—had dogged, cut-throat countenances. A fine cathedral is here, the best in northern Mexico, and in the city are many handsome private residences, vacated at this time, the owners leaving all their furniture in the place, as when occupied, which was religiously protected by our army. Here we saw the first apples and pears of Mexican growth; they are brought from Saltillo; the market is well supplied with fruit and vegetables; their sweet potatoes, yams and beef are of excellent quality. The natives are good cooks, as was seen by the rarity and delicacy of confectionary exposed for sale.

In this valley, timber reaches a size respectable—equal to that with us in the States; red oak and walnut, three feet over, shaded the encampment of Gen. Taylor. Water, from large springs, is abundant and good, and can be conducted at will over the whole plain. This water, taken out of the spring, is found to be warm, of higher temperature than the atmosphere, which is the case, generally, throughout Mexico; upon exposure over night it becomes as cold as desirable. The sugar cane attains a greater perfection here, than in any region we have seen—it cannot be excelled, if equalled; the exhaustless agricultural wealth of this country will be developed when the tide of events, which is inevitable, shall bring the Anglo-American, with his energy and benign institutions.

We remained three days at the camp of Gen. Taylor, during which time we partially examined the defences in and about Monterey. The fort outside of the city, which was not taken before the capitulation, and which commanded the plain, was impregnable, as far as regards the means of assault which Gen. Taylor had at command; all the vast material that the location of Vera Cruz enabled our government to place at the disposal of Gen. Scott, would, if brought to bear upon works like those in and about Monterey, have compelled unconditional submission. Whatever discontent was manifested at the time, reflecting upon the military genius of General Taylor, has been dissipated by a correct knowledge of all the circumstances. Gen. Taylor had not an array equal to prevent ingress or egress to and from the city. With a loss of many lives he might have compelled the Mexican army to retire, but could not have captured it. In the event of compelling an unconditional surrender, the Mexican army was not worth feeding, and, as was the case with prisoners made at Vera Cruz and Cerro Gordo, so it would have been at Monterey—the army would have been liberated on parole. The armistice, also, made no delay of operations—Gen. Taylor could not advance sooner than he did, if unrestrained by an armistice—this he well knew. The complaints made by the uninformed, of the tardiness of Gen. Taylor, are not worth noticing; ignorance is bold, because danger is unperceived. If some of our wise men, who figured by animadverting upon the conduct of Gen. Taylor, should, unfortunately, be entrusted with the command of an army, if half as ignorant in deeds as words, their destruction would be inevitable, by their own hands.

On our return to Camargo, nothing of note occurred; we camped the first night near Marin, where we met the lamented Col. McKee, of Kentucky, who afterwards fell at Buena Vista. A portion of the Colonel's regiment was stationed at Ceralvo, and he had escorted as far as Marin, the bearer of an express to Gen. Taylor. Two days afterwards we were hospitably entertained by the Colonel at his own quarters, he having out traveled our mustangs, upon his high-bred Kentucky charger. On the 11th of November, we arrived without accident, at camp in Camargo, and found things as dull and insipid as possible; the weather extremely warm, thermometer standing to-day at 100 degrees in the shade. Sickness on the increase—full two hundred on the sick report, in the third regiment. Every hour is heard the muffled drum, and the volley of musketry, over the grave of a dead soldier, whom his comrades are consigning to the sands.

November 16th—We received the joyful intelligence to hold ourselves in readiness to leave for Matamoros, thence to march to the interior. 17th. Thermometer at 95 degrees. 18th. A norther—mercury standing at 62 degrees. 20th. Maj. Burns commenced paying off our men, and the regiment to embark for Matamoros—three companies leaving. On the 24th, a

false alarm, as it proved, was reported in camp, stating that an encampment of several hundred Mexicans were discovered three miles south of our position. Five hundred men of the 3d and 4th regiments, marched before day on the morning of the 25th, and at sunrise we had enclosed our supposed enemies, each detachment waiting for the signal to fire and advance at a charge. Instead of the anticipated deadly onset, our ears were saluted with loud peals of laughter, it being discovered that we had surrounded a party of thirty Texan Rangers, who were on their way to join Gen. Taylor. It was never decided whether the leaders of this expedition were deceived with circumstances so improbable, or desired to test the courage of our men.

November 26th—Struck tents and went on board a steamer bound for the mouth of the Rio Grande, Tampico our destination; it was contemplated to ship us by water to that place. We left Camargo without one feeling of regret—our only reminiscence of this vile Mexican town, is of suffering, and a sad sympathy for our unfortunate countrymen, whom we left in silent ranks upon the banks of the San Juan, there to await the reveille of the last day. Our boat soon wafted us into the Rio Grande, which was now quite low, and full of sand bars, upon one of which we struck, remaining fast until sundown; getting off, we made a landing, and lay to for the night.

Our regiment, when leaving Camargo, was a feeble, sickly one; the boisterous hilarity of otherdays had fled; confinement in miserable quarters, and deprivation of all excitement, had destroyed us. The first indication of returning life, was witnessed the night of the 26th—the joyous laugh was again heard—our men were seen feasting before the bright camp fire, upon deer, geese, turkey and pheasants; their animated countenances well told that disease would soon be driven from our camp.

On the 27th, we continued our descent, frequently impeded by sand bars, which, on the downward trip, give much trouble to the pilots. We lay by at night on the Texas side of the river; game of every kind too abundant and tame to give excitement in hunting; the quality, as we have before noticed, of the game on the Rio Grande, is surpassing in delicacy. Progressing slowly by day, the river being too low to navigate at night, we made Matamoros on the 29th, and at sundown, on the 30th, were encamped at the mouth.

There were no steamships or other transports ready to receive us, and we remained in camp, amusing ourselves as we well could, principally in catching fish, which are very abundant, and of fine quality. The first regiment Indianians, Col. Drake, were here; they have never been higher up and are as anxious to get up the Rio Grande, as we were to come down.

December 5th—Orders came down from Gen. Patterson, countermanding our voyage, by water, to Tampico, ordering us up to Matamoros, thence by

land, to Tampico, via Victoria. Dec. 6th. Five companies embark on the steamboat *Corvette*; very high wind prevailing—could make only twenty miles, and lay to for the night. On the 7th, made an early start, much impeded by the continued head wind, and were obliged to tie up for the night, thirty miles from Matamoros. The distance by land being only nine miles, the greater portion of our men left the boat and arrived in the city the same evening. On the next day, at eleven o'clock, A. M., the *Corvette* landed at Fort Paredes, near which was the balance of our regiment.

Steamboat navigation is new upon the Rio Grande; several years ago a boat had been as far up as Matamoros, but at the breaking out of the war, our steamers were a novelty, as exciting to the natives, as unknown. The muskeet wood makes very good steam, and the Mexicans have extensive wood yards for the accommodation of boats, at convenient points, from Matamoros to Camargo. Two dollars per cord is paid for wood; the Mexicans are as attentive at their wood yards as our own people on the western rivers; they, also, have learned the art of cording wood to the greatest advantage—this, however, like all rascality, is as natural to them as to eat.

Matamoros has been a favorite place with all the volunteers; it is quite healthy, and has the cast of an American city. There are here good taverns, and at the restaurants can be obtained some rare delicacies. The ducks and pheasants of this country would compensate an eastern gourmand for the fatigues endured in crossing the Gulf. "Mush and milk" establishments are, we believe, peculiar to Matamoros; at these places were seen crowds of volunteers. The man who opened a house of this kind in Mexico made a decided hit. The health of our regiment was, at this time, entirely restored, and the weather becoming cooler, we were in excellent spirits.

December 11th—A grand review was ordered on the plain, between our camp and the city. The 3d and 4th Illinois, 1st Ohio, and the regiment of Tennessee mounted men, appeared on parade, and passed in review before Gen. Patterson. The General, in a speech addressed to the 3d and 4th Illinois, stated that he had selected them in preference to other volunteer regiments, as his favorite troops—that we were going into active service, and he was confident he should not be mistaken in the estimation he had made of our character. At the time, the General's speech was thought a matter of course affair, but, without making invidious comparisons, the result of the campaign has proven that, in this selection, he displayed his usual sagacity. The troops on review were marched through the principal streets, into the main Plaza, where orders were read, fixing the 14th of December as the time we should take up the line of march for Victoria. On the 13th, the regiments were culled of all who were considered unable to undergo the fatigues of the long march in prospect.

At ten o'clock, December 14th, we struck tent at Matamoros, and at

twelve took up the line of march for Victoria. This was our first introduction to the duties of a marching infantry regiment. The 3d and 4th Illinois and the Tennessee mounted regiment, were constituted a brigade, and the command given to Brig. Gen. Pillow; our first encampment was on the bank of a pond of clear water, eight miles from the city. Early on the 15th, we were in motion; the first half mile of our road lay directly through the water, on which we had encamped; it was not over three feet deep. Our guide proved at fault to-day, the brigade being led a devious course by cross roads and no roads, traveling double the distance necessary to have made the encampment, where we lay on the night of the 15th. Here we were to remain until the train came up; it is a beautiful place, on the bank of the Rio del Tigre, a small stream, flowing through a rich valley. The muskeet tree is found here, as on the Rio Grande. The land from Matamoros to this place, eighteen miles, is rolling, interspersed with groves, lakes and prairies, equal to any in the world for grazing and agricultural purposes; cattle and horses roam at large over these ever verdant pastures, in countless number. Beef is always fat in this country, and when not over three years old, is tender and equal to that of any country. It is the principal article of subsistence with the Mexicans, who cut the flesh into thin slips and hang it up to dry in the sun. Beef dried in this way is palatable, and at any time ready for use. It is as generally known as remarkable, that fresh meat, if exposed to air in Mexico, will not taint. We have cut for daily use, from a quarter of beef, hung on a tree before our tent, until the whole was gone, and yet the last piece was as free from taint as the first, the thermometer during the time, averaging ninety in the shade. This fact is evidence of the purity of the atmosphere.

We had beef contractors employed by the government to furnish the troops with daily supplies. This provision was made by the government to prevent the necessity of "drawing beef" by the soldiers; it was not known that the owners of cattle were not to be found, as was the case wherever the army marched; the government paid the contractors five cents per pound for all beef furnished the army, but the soldier who drew on his own account, got a better article and paid the real owner as much as the licensed contractor. A knowledge of this fact, and the careless manner of selecting cattle by the contractor, caused our men to help themselves, a circumstance leading to the issue of frequent and vexatious orders against private "drawing." We went out at this place, with several others to make a purchase for our respective messes; a Mexican, who appeared the most intelligent among a number seen at a ranche, agreed to sell us cattle; the cattle were driven into an enclosure, and those we selected lassoed. These people all throw the lasso with unerring certainty, catching a steer by the horns, or right or left leg, as may be desired, and the animal at full speed. We pur-

chased three young and fat cattle at this time, the fellow who sold them taking care to cut out the old brands, and re-brand with his old mark, before delivering us the beef.

As before stated, we were at this time under Gen. Pillow, who, on the 17th, appeared at regimental parade, and took command. Our connection with Gen. Pillow was of short duration, he not marching with the 8d, and on our arrival at Tampico, he was transferred to another brigade. On the 22d December, the train came up from Matamoros, and orders were issued to prepare for the march on the next day; a heavy rain fell this afternoon.

At daylight, the 23d, the line of march commenced as follows: Major General Patterson and staff, with six companies Tennessee mounted men in front; then eight companies 3d Illinois, followed by two hundred wagons; two companies 3d Illinois, and one company Tennessee mounted men, composed the rear guard. On the 24th, to be followed by the 4th Illinois, and the balance of the Tennessee mounted men, and a train of one hundred and fifty wagons. We found the mud heavy the first few miles, but before night roads dusty, the rain not having extended far—heat oppressive, thermometer standing at ninety-three. Our course was south-west, Victoria being south and west of Matamoros. We made twenty-two miles to-day, marching through a prairie country; vast herds of cattle and horses seen at a distance; no water upon the road, with the exception of small salt lakes; encamped for the night beside a pond of indifferent water. Dec. 24th, under way at daylight—found the country open prairie lands; no water on the road, but water cannot be far off, as stock are seen every where, feeding upon the green pastures. After a hard march of twenty-six miles we encamped at a ranche; wretched pond water to-night. On the 25th encamped at a pond—distance marched, twenty-seven miles. Dec. 26th. Marched, without making scarcely a halt, thirty-four miles, and reached the town of San Fernando. This day the men suffered for water; the quality taken in the cañeens at the morning's encampment was bad, and none was to be had on the road. Our marches, considering the rawness of the troops, carrying heavy knapsacks and forty rounds of ball cartridges, under a tropical sun, were unprecedented. Horses and mules dropping down dead, attested the severity of the fatigues undergone.

The town of San Fernando is on a river of the same name; its pure flowing waters cheered the drooping spirits of our fainting column. This place had been visited some years before by an expedition from Texas, and temporarily held possession of; it has a population of one thousand, a handsome church, and some fine private residences, among which the *Alealde's* stands conspicuous. The *Alealde* of San Fernando is an honorable man, and lives in good style. We lost a man at this place, and after the army had left, the murderer was discovered, imprisoned, and a full account transmitted

to Gen. Patterson by the Alcalde. He had also cautioned us to be on our guard, as there were, he stated, a band of desperate men in the neighborhood, whom he could not control. When the Texans took this town, to show their contempt of Mexicans, their entrance was preceded by a negro, mounted on a jack, playing on a violin.

We lay here on the 27th, the bank of the river requiring cutting down to let our train over; this was effected by the labor of details of one hundred men at a time. This day we luxuriated upon fine sweet potatoes and oranges, which were abundant, and renovated our wearied bodies in the limpid waters of San Fernando. On the 28th early, commenced crossing the stream; were occupied the whole day passing the train up the steep ascent of the south bank, and at night were all safely over and encamped. The 4th Illinois had overtaken us at San Fernando. We were now to march to Victoria in one body. We had a train of three hundred and fifty wagons, and when on the march, extended along the road for five miles.

December 29th—Marched twenty miles over a beautiful country, and encamped at a spring of fine water; the mountains seen to our right at a distance, and on the east, ranges of high hills, forming a level landscape. The soil rich, affording abundant pasturage for the herds of fat cattle that were every where to be seen. Our men at this place, helped themselves to liberal supplies of beef, which had become absolutely necessary. The ration of meat is one pound and a quarter per day to each man. This amount, if all meat, would scarcely suffice a healthy man on the march, but when issued by the commissary, one half bone, as would of necessity be the case, to some messes, it was altogether inadequate to satisfy the calls of appetite. We saw our men on this march eat the whole ration at supper, and have nothing but bread and coffee for breakfast; and with this meagre diet have to endure the fatigues of a long march, and wait until late at night, before the tardy contractor delivered to the commissary his allowance of beef, and before that could be issued, the weary volunteer had sunk, exhausted, to sleep. We were all aware that our government was ignorant of, and intended not, these outrages, and for one, we were ready to back those who would help themselves to the best that could be had.

December 30th—Our line of march led over small valleys and rocky ridges, covered with stone already prepared for building purposes by nature. At twenty-four miles we arrived at a small stream, called Fernando. Our encampment to-night was in the midst of thickets of thorns, impenetrable, and with great labor sufficient space was cleared to repose upon. At this wild place, we received per express, that had overtaken us, the President's message. On the 31st, we were moving at daylight; the road lay over a level country, thinly shaded with the muskeet, and covered with half decayed grass, exactly resembling an old peach orchard. The muskeet has the ap-

pearance of having been planted by the hand of man, growing at regular distances, and frequently in right lines. Making twelve miles, we came to the brow of a steep hill, down which, the train passed with great difficulty. We were of the rear guard to-day, and did not see all the train descend until ten o'clock after night. There is, on the top of this hill, the shaft of an old silver mine. Beautiful springs of water issue from the side of the hill, to the left of the road a few paces. There are the remains of considerable works here, indicating that formerly, a lively mining business was conducted at this place. The road, after the descent was effected, led over a valley of choice land, for six miles, to the village of Santandor, situated upon a small river of the same name. A cement dam, thrown over the stream, led it through the town. There is, at this place, an old Spanish ducal palace, which must have cost half a million of dollars; it is now unoccupied, and its lordly halls resound no more with the stately tread of the Don. We encamped on this river, and spent the last night of 1846. The weather delightful, and our men amused and benefitted themselves by taking a bath under the falls of the dam constructed across the Santandor.

January 1st, 1847—Made, as usual, an early start, and encamped at one o'clock, distance twelve miles, at a large well, where was formerly, extensive cultivation. The well contained much water, had large cisterns of cement, and watering troughs of the same material for the convenience of watering cattle. It has been many years since these improvements were made, and the few inhabitants who now live in the vicinity, neither use or prevent the decay of them. Throughout all this region, as we have noticed in other portions of Mexico, gradual decay is going on; the inhabitants are too indolent to preserve from ruin the substantial works of the old Spaniards, to which they have fallen heir. On the 2d of January, we marched fifteen miles over a rough country with small spots of tillable soil; the high peaks of the mountains to the south-west, visible like dark clouds; encamped on a small river, called San Anthony. On the 3d, at early dawn, as usual, on the march, and came to a beautiful river, which we made out from the Mexicans, to be the Borno; there is a village on the south side of this stream, with some good buildings in it. We have seen no map upon which either these rivers or towns in this part of Mexico are placed. The waters of all these streams are as transparent as chrystal, flowing upon pebbly beds; the deepest were fordable at this season, but during the rains, are impassable torrents; good timber lines the banks—the soil of the best quality. The inhabitants had, evidently, never seen our race before, and with few exceptions, fled at our approach. We remained at this place two hours, and then continued our march eleven miles, to a river bearing the same name, (Borno) and supposed to be the river crossed in the morning. We suffered vastly with the heat, dust and thirst this day, the men having been lead to suppose

that we were to encamp at the place of first stoppage, and neglected to supply themselves with water. Thermometer at ninety degrees when we halted in the evening.

January 4th—In motion at three o'clock in the morning; made a forced march of twenty-nine miles, reaching the city of Victoria at four o'clock in the afternoon. This day our men suffered much—many gave out—the heat and dust exceedingly oppressive; horses and mules dropped dead in the harness. Gen. Quitman had reached Victoria several days before our column; he had advanced from the headquarters of Gen. Taylor, at Monterey; fifteen hundred Mexicans fled at his entrance without giving battle. Early this morning, Gen. Taylor had reached Victoria with twenty-five hundred men, making, with our column, and Gen. Quitman's upwards of six thousand men concentrated at this point.

The 3d and 4th encamped half a mile below town on a rough, stony corn field, by the bank of a small creek of good water. It was the intention of Gen. Taylor to remain several days at Victoria, and we had all pitched our tents for the first time since leaving Matamoros. The weather was warm, the thermometer standing at eighty degrees at sun down. We were sitting in camp enjoying a good cigar, atmosphere perfectly calm, when we noticed the tent slightly agitated with a gentle puff of air; in a moment a stronger breeze succeeded, quickly followed, each moment, with one still more violent, until, in the short space of twenty minutes, a howling norther had prostrated every tent in our encampment, and we were shivering in the icy embrace of old winter, fresh from our native plains. This night was the most uncomfortable of any experienced during the whole campaign; the storm continued the whole night. We were overwhelmed with dust, and benumbed with the cold. Ice, half an inch thick, was found in camp the next morning.

Victoria is the capital of the province of Tamaulipas, contains two thousand inhabitants, and is delightfully located on the bank of a mountain rivulet. The mountains rise abruptly to the west of the town, at six miles distant, at sun set giving the city the appearance of a fine painting, standing out in bold relief. Standing on the east side of the Plaza, looking to the west, when the sun is declining, a spectator has traced on the mountain side, a distinct and lovely outline of the fine buildings west of the Plaza. Victoria and vicinity is pre-eminently healthy, being sufficiently elevated to give an invigorating coolness to the atmosphere; the soil is excellent; there is good timber and water; beef and wild game of rare delicacy, corn and other grain abundant, and vegetables of every variety cheap, and not to be excelled. The most delicious oranges we ever eat in any part of the world, grow here, without limit as to quantity; the trees are the largest, and most loaded with fruit any where to be seen. There is residing at this place, one white man,

a Scotchman. He has been in the place ten years—says the climate is delicious. We could gain but little information from him—he seemed desirous to avoid much intercourse with the army.

There is considerable cultivation of the soil about Victoria—more than at points we had visited. Two sugar mills are profitably conducted; the cane is of superior size and richness, the juice requiring little evaporation. The cost of living at Victoria, is less than can be conceived, without being witnessed—ten dollars per year would pay the necessary expenses of a family.

The legislature of this province was in session previous to our arrival, and Canalles had made some furious speeches against us, but the approach of the army caused a precipitate adjournment, *sine die*, before any dreadful measures could be matured—a *fortunate* circumstance for us. The “stars and stripes” now waive over the halls of the capital, and the bluff old Gen. Twiggs, occupies the state house as his head-quarters.

January 6th—This day Gen. Taylor visited our brigade; it was the first opportunity the regiment had had of seeing him. He rode a dun mule, attended by a single aid-de-camp, and when within the lines, dismounted, his aid leading the mule. The excitement was intense as the old hero walked through the lines; the hardy volunteers were seen at a respectful distance, crowding in the rear, and not a few rolling up their sleeves and slapping their bare arms in the attitude of fight, at the bare sight of “Rough and Ready.”

We encamped at this place—the 3d and 4th in brigade, under Gen. Pillow. As we noticed formerly, we of the 3d were not, in the march, under Gen. Pillow, he having the immediate command of the 4th. The difficulties arising between the General and his command, rendered it necessary to remove the 4th to the brigade of Gen. Quitman. Although not personally cognizant to those unpleasant circumstances which led to the misunderstanding that became exceedingly bitter between Gen. Pillow and the 4th Illinois, we were well apprised of the facts. It is due to the officers of the 4th, and the regiment, to say that they submitted to all that could be expected of brave men. We do not charge Gen. Pillow with that wholesale abuse that has been heaped upon him by many. It is his misfortune to be cursed with unalloyed selfishness. The day before reaching San Fernando, the 4th Illinois marched, (the guide having mistaken the road) forty miles without water. After making this distance, under a burning sun, a small well of water was reached, its entire contents drawn out and given, by order of Gen. Pillow, to his staff, their horses and mules, and the trains of his baggage wagons, during which operation, the 4th was patiently waiting, although fainting, for an opportunity to get a drop of water. When the General and staff left the well, the regiment was ordered to continue their march, which they were compelled to obey, as there was no water left to

tempt their stay. We do not believe that Gen. Pillow's selfishness allowed him to perceive the cold-blooded atrocity of his conduct.

While encamped at Victoria, the hunting parties who traversed the country for several miles, represented it as beautiful beyond description, at many locations; they brought in deer, turkeys, squirrels, rabbits, and a species of wild hog; parrots, wild peacocks, and birds of every variegated hue, abound in the woods; also, the ormadilla is found here, as in other parts of Mexico.

On the 10th of January, being Sunday, those who saw proper, visited the cathedral of the place, which is a respectable edifice. There was a marriage ceremony performed in the Church, the gentleman and lady dressed in white, with a silken cord thrown over their necks; they knelt before the altar at least one hour while the knot was tied by the priest. In Mexico, the priest has a monopoly of the business of marrying, and performing the rites attending the burial of the dead; it costs a poor man twenty dollars to get married, and the like sum to be religiously interred—the rich pay much greater sums. The fear of losing the privilege of practising these impositions is one of the causes of that bitter opposition of the priesthood, to our intervention in the affairs of this mis-governed, priest-ridden, and, consequently, miserable people. The religious and civil tyrants who lord it over this fair land, well know that despotism of every stamp cowers, and hides its head, wherever the flag of our glorious Union is permanently planted.

January 13th—Orders were issued to hold ourselves in readiness to march to Tampico on the 15th. An express had arrived from Gen. Scott, now on the Rio Grande, ordering Gen. Taylor back to Monterey; the encampment at Victoria was, therefore, speedily broken up. On the 14th Gen. Twiggs marched for Tampico with his brigade; Gens. Pillow and Quitman were to follow successively, on the 15th and 16th. At seven o'clock of the 15th, the two infantry, and one mounted Tennessee regiment, and the 3d Illinois, took up the line of march from Victoria, as a brigade, under Gen. Pillow. Gen. Patterson and staff accompanied us; we also had a train of one hundred and fifty wagons. The road led up a considerable hill, south of Victoria, and then traversed a beautiful, gently rolling country, well watered with mountain streams. We encamped at twelve miles, upon a stream of fine water. On the 16th, we marched seventeen miles over a rather broken country, but well watered, and encamped on a small creek. One man of our regiment died at this camp, belonging to Captain Hicks' company.

January 17th—Continued our march; our general course was south-east after leaving Victoria. We made fifteen miles, and halted for the night at the foot of the mountain, upon a cool running stream. A number of us went up to the top of the mountain, and found its sides exceedingly rough,

and covered with thorns of every kind. We passed over an immense quantity of dark colored stone, which were piled loosely upon each other, and when struck, would ring as clear as metal. From the top of the mountain a magnificent view is to be had of the country for many miles. We discovered the brigade of Gen. Twiggs, one day's march in front, and the brigade of Gen. Quitman, one day's march in our rear. The country stretched out from the top of this mountain into level table land, covered with luxuriant pasturage, a circumstance that will give the reader an idea of the magnificence of the Mexican landscape and country.

January 18th—At daylight were in motion; passed over fine rolling country—the road exceedingly dusty to-day, and the heat oppressive. After a march of eighteen miles, we arrived at the most beautiful limpid river in the world—its water as soft as milk. There is a small village on the north bank of the river; all the inhabitants had fled at our approach; some of our men who were roaming the woods, discovered their women, old men and children, who were frantic with fear, supposing us to be murderers and cannibals, if nothing worse. We crossed the river and marched down its banks seven miles, and encamped. Our butcher, Mr. Bigelow, was attacked by the Mexicans near this town; he rode through some eight or ten, and made his escape, wounded, to the brigade of Gen. Quitman, in our rear. At daylight, on the 19th, the brigade moved forward, and at two miles crossed the same river spoken of yesterday; on the south bank, at this point, there is another village. There is to be had, in this country, a kind of sugar, resembling our cake tree sugar; it is much eaten by the Mexicans, and we found it an excellent article to use on the march, with our hard crackers. It is sold at about four cents per pound; wherever the natives were not too fearful, they would furnish it to us readily for our money. We got some very fine sugar of the kind at this village; our men always paid for every article sold out of stores, but it often happened that change could not be made for small articles like sugar, and under such circumstances, money would be thrown to the Mexican, and the soldier would take for himself a fair equivalent. At a store in this place, a circumstance of the kind happened, and one of our wags handed out to the crowd, as he supposed, until he had emptied the contents of a sack, when, looking up, he discovered that an old Mexican had been deliberately receiving from his hand, (the wag's) every cake, and passing it back into a secure place. The joke was properly appreciated, and the old Mexican left in undisturbed possession of sugar and money. We marched ten miles further, and arrived at a small stream, where the brigade of Gen. Twiggs encamped the night previous; continuing our march for nine miles, we encamped at good water.

On the 20th, at early dawn, we were on the march, and at a small village six miles distant, our advance guard came in contact with the rear guard of

Gen. Twiggs; an aid of Gen. Twiggs came with a request to Gen. Patterson, desiring that we should preserve our distance. Our route to-day was over a rough, stony country, the vegetation showing that we were arriving within the tropics; having made eighteen miles, we encamped on a small branch.

January 22d—Marched six miles over a beautiful rolling prairie country, gradually descending, where we came to the head of a lagoon, that communicates with Tampico. We were now out of the mountain region, and experienced that sensible effect which is observed by travelers from the high table lands of Mexico, to the hot lands of the gulf coast. Some of the troops were taken seriously ill. We marched along the bank of the lagoon, through a low wooded country; soil exceedingly rich, producing sugar cane of enormous size. Making twelve miles, we halted for the day.

January 23d—Moved forward at daylight, passing down the lagoon; spots of broken land were crossed by the road, but generally the country was level and soil rich as possible; here we met the banyan tree, also the cocoa, and an enormous growth of bambo cane, with which the natives build houses; we saw it at least fifty feet high. The trees were inhabited by a species of lizard, resembling the crocodile, rough skin, black and hideous as possible—they are harmless.

We found the country from Matamoros to this point, and Mexico generally, to be less infested with snakes and other venomous animals, than was anticipated. Our greatest annoyances were thorns and grass burrs—every tree, bush or vegetation of any kind is armed with thorns—there is no escaping their pricks; the grass is full of burrs, and the weary soldier would carefully feel for a spot with the *fewest* thorns and burrs, before he ventured to sit down. We saw the prickly pear assume every shape from the lowly plant, to the tree and the vine, but always the most perfectly armed with thorns.

At twenty miles we reached the town of Altimea, a beautiful village of 1500 inhabitants; we encamped half a mile south of this place. Altimea contains a fine Catholic Church, and the priests appear to have several large convent-looking buildings adjoining. The people of this place were the best looking we had as yet seen in Mexico; we were now within eighteen miles of Tampico, having marched upwards of five hundred miles through a portion of Mexico never before traveled by Americans. Our immense train excited the wonder of the Mexicans, and the difficulties encountered in moving it through a country where wagons had never before passed, were considered by them insurmountable; every wagon, however, was brought through and no description of property abandoned. On the 24th we marched seven miles, and encamped on a high hill, in an old field, within eleven miles of Tampico, where we awaited further orders.

During this long march, great suffering was endured by the troops, from want of water, blistered feet, and the heat of the weather, but the army was no more the sickly, feeble band that six weeks ago left Matamoros. None were on the sick list; all were hardy veterans, equal to any men who ever wielded arms. We were not in a more salubrious clime than are the banks of the Rio Grande, but exercise and excitement had renovated and invigorated our constitutions. On the 25th, Gen. Quitman came up and encamped on our left; he lost three men, killed on the march by the Mexicans. The 3d and 4th Illinois were now again constituted a brigade, and placed under the command of Gen. Shields. Thermometer to-day, 94 in the shade.

Gen. Quitman is a fine old southern gentleman, possessing as much of human kindness as is usually to be found in the breasts of the generous and brave. He distinguished himself at the battle of Monterey. He is a good man; his promotion to the rank of Major General was hailed by the army without a dissenting voice.

Gen. Shields had been transferred to a command under Gen. Wool, at the time we lay at Camargo, at which place he left us; he subsequently was ordered to Tampico, and placed in command as Governor of the city. Under his supervision, a code of laws was digested and the city police so organized, as to place Tampico upon an equal footing with the best regulated cities of our Union; as far as regarded security to person and property, the Mexicans were compelled to acknowledge the great superiority of the municipal regulations instituted under the fostering care of General Shields. During the short administration of the General, he had constructed substantial and admirable defences at all the assailable points of the city. When we arrived at Tampico, we found it as orderly and as securely reposing under the protection of our flag as any American city.

We remained at our encampment, eleven miles from Tampico, until the 28th, when we received orders to advance to a position three miles north of the city, where we encamped on a hill. This portion of Mexico, like all others we had visited, has formerly been under a far better state of cultivation; where our present camp was made, had, not long since been cultivated land, suffered to return to a state of nature, being covered now with young trees. The vicinity of Tampico is diversified with hills, but susceptible of cultivation, the soil being of the best quality; a few wretched ranches and partial cultivation, is all that is seen to decorate a country that nature has prepared for the abode of wealth and elegant refinement. Tampico is situated on the Panueo river, seven miles from the Gulf; the river forms a good harbor, having twenty feet water in the channel, and is full three quarters of a mile wide; the city contains a population of 4,000, and has more the air of a commercial place, than any city in Mexico; it has, also, a modern aspect, the buildings not constructed in the prison like manner of other

Mexican towns. Its location is high, streets well paved, and the principal plaza is a clean and beautiful square; in the centre is an unfinished monument, upon which it was designed to place the statue of Santa Anna. Our flag-staff now stands upon it, and every evening a splendid military band assembles under it and fills the soft atmosphere with the proud strains of our national airs. The plaza is paved with flat limestone, radiating from the base of the circular monument in the centre; this work was executed by Texan prisoners, some of whom now proudly tramp where they formerly ignominiously labored, to the music of clanking chains. The market of Tampico is unrivalled for fruits, vegetables and fish; beef is not good, but the wild fowl is excellent and abundant. Living here is good and cheap; at the hotels a choice dinner is had for twenty-five cents, although, when the whole army lay at this point, three times this price was charged; this advantage was taken at every place in Mexico.

The river Panuco is navigable, but to what distance above this city is unknown, as it has never been explored by Americans beyond a point reached by a brig fitted out by Gen. Shields. Those who were of the party, represent the country on the banks as very beautiful, with some handsome villages. We did not learn the number of miles ascended, but a bar with only four feet water, prevented the further progress of the expedition; beyond the bar, the river had twenty feet water, and it is supposed a point near the city of Mexico could be reached, as the river is known to flow from that direction. There is no people who are more indefatigable in making explorations of territory under their control than the Spaniards, but their discoveries are state secrets, and locked up from the eyes of other nations. Since the expulsion of the old Spaniards from Mexico, the present Mexicans have been in continual revolution, presenting no accurate topographical survey of their extensive country; besides, they are like their ancestors in Spain, jealous of foreign scrutiny; therefore, the absence of correct geographical information of a country so important as Mexico, and so long held possession of by civilized man. The country up the Panuco is under tolerable cultivation, the supplies for the Tampico market coming from that region. The natives bring their produce down the river in canoes, made precisely like those of our North American Indians.

The northers which are frequent at this season of the year, effect violent changes in the temperature from the Rio Grande, as far south as Vera Cruz. On the 9th of February the thermometer stood at 101 degrees—a norther reduced it to 45 degrees in twelve hours. These winds render the navigation of the Gulf extremely dangerous in the winter; a vast amount of property is lost every season by shipwrecks. During the past winter the United States lost over two thousand horses, besides public stores of an unknown amount.

We continued at our encampment north of Tampico until the 26th of February, and then removed to a plain east of the city, where we encamped, awaiting orders to embark for Vera Cruz. Gen. Scott touched at Tampico on the 19th, and immediately issued orders for the speedy transportation of the army "southward." Col. E. D. Baker and Lt. Col. Moore, of the 4th Illinois, arrived from the United States at this time, and resumed their respective posts in the regiment, and were warmly greeted by their men. On the 20th, Gen. Twiggs, with his brigade, embarked for the Island of Lobos, en route for Vera Cruz. The 21st being Sunday, we visited the Catholic Church; it is a plain building; the portion finished and used for service, is a small part of what will, if ever completed, be a grand whole. The fairest audience of ladies were in this church we had ever seen in Mexico; many of them were beautiful, and richly dressed in fashionable style, with the exception of the bonnet. From highest to lowest, the Mexican lady is seen at all times without the bonnet; the only covering for the head, is the graceful *ponolon*, so inimitably adjusted by them for the purposes of head dress, veil, sun-shade and shawl. The priests do not hold that despotic sway over the citizens of Tampico, exercised in interior cities; commerce with the world has enlightened the mass, rendering the forms and usages practiced by the church, more reasonable, and less offensive to an intelligent mind. On the 23d, while in the city, we saw a funeral procession; the corpse, (that of a young child,) was carried upon a table, richly covered with silk; the body of the child was fantastically decorated, and surrounded with a profusion of flowers. The body was in front, followed by a party of musicians, playing upon guitars and violins, and a long train of boys and girls, gaily dressed, and dancing to the music. In this order the procession entered the church, and the corpse was placed before the altar, where religious ceremonies were performed by the priest, after which the company returned in the same order, to the house of the deceased, and the table with the corpse, placed in the centre of a large room; a lighted candle was then set on each corner of the table, the music struck up, and the whole assembly danced until a late hour. Refreshments were handed about to the visitors, and the scene became one of amusement rather than mourning.

The weather is variable at this season, in this region, the thermometer ranging in the course of a week between 60 and 95. We were beginning to have some sickness in camp again, which has always been the case after a few weeks inactive camp life. Several of our regiment were attacked with what the Doctors called the brain fever; it was violent and proved fatal in a few days, the patient suffering with mental derangement. Tampico has the reputation of being a sickly place, but rumor has greatly exaggerated the facts; bilious fever assumes here the type called yellow fever,

yielding readily to skillful treatment and simple remedies. One attack of fever acclimates without danger of a second.

Troops were now daily embarking for Vera Cruz, and we were ordered to hold ourselves in readiness. There existed much anxiety among us at this time for the fate of Gen. Taylor—a battle we knew had been fought, and against great odds; the rumors through Mexican expresses brought contradictory reports, one day stating that Santa Anna had cut our army to pieces and retaken Monterey. Upon the result of the contest between Santa Anna and Gen. Taylor, hung the fate of the valley of the Rio Grande; defeat to our army at Buena Vista, would also greatly augment the difficulties attending the capture of Vera Cruz.

On the 6th of March, the 3d and 4th Illinois were ordered to prepare for embarkation, and on the same day we commenced shipping on board of transports lying in the river. Two hundred on board the brig *Importer*, Capt. Marsh, were towed out early on the 7th, to the mouth, where we spread sail for the open sea. Light head winds prevailing, we made no progress; the wind shortly dying away, left us to experience the delights of rocking upon short broken billows. We were all sea sick in a few minutes; our jovial, boisterous band of two hundred were in one short hour converted into the most distressed looking set of poor devils imaginable; all were casting up accounts of long standing and most unwillingly, judging from the ill grace with which the business was done. If any one desires to know how a sea-sick man feels, let him go and make a personal trial: we have felt, but cannot describe the sensation.

We continued rolling and tumbling on the waves, without making over twenty miles south, until the night of the 11th of March, about midnight, when a norther filled our sails, and in the morning we were dashing onward at the rate of eight miles per hour. The sea became high, breaking at times over the deck; each wave that came with crushing violence, was received with a characteristic shout from our boys—they were land lubbers, but all could say, with truth, "who's afraid." At 10 o'clock to-day the Captain sung out, "Whales! Whales!" and we all had a view of two of these monsters. We could all now say, that we had "seen a whale"—all that remained to be seen was the "elephant." The norther wafted us upon its wings all of the 12th, and the succeeding morning the ship was south of Vera Cruz, and stood off the harbor of Anton Lizardo, which we safely entered, and cast anchor in ten fathoms. The harbor of Anton Lizardo is twelve miles below Vera Cruz, is formed by reefs of coral, has good anchorage and vessels ride secure. We found forty ships in port, chiefly government transports. On the morning of the 14th, we learned that news had been received from Gen. Taylor, and that the old hero had been victorious—we were relieved of a load of anxiety by this news; we also were

informed that Gen. Scott had landed at Vera Cruz and invested the city—the frequent booming of the great guns of the castle told that the Mexicans were not idle spectators. This evening, about five o'clock, a splendid ship struck upon a reef, while endeavoring to make this harbor; this accident must have been the result of ignorance—the ship struck two miles south of us, yet several minutes before the accident occurred, our captain cried out “that ship is lost!” Our captain had never before been in this harbor.

The storm was still raging, and the unfortunate ship quivering upon the reef, was rapidly becoming a wreck; the excitement became great upon our vessel, it being feared that the remainder of our regiment might be upon the sinking vessel. Notwithstanding the violence of the wind, yawls from the ships in harbor breasted the fury of the waves, and made for the relief of the wreck; the ship proved to be the *Yazoo*, a large vessel, freighted with two hundred dragoons and their horses, belonging to Col. Harney's command. The accident, a serious one at any time, was particularly so now, as every horse was of priceless value on shore at this time. The men were, with the exception of four, rescued; the horses below decks, were all drowned—those upon the upper deck were cast overboard and the noble animals swam directly to the nearest shore, full four miles distant; some, however, got upon the reefs and stood in the ranging surf twenty-four hours before they could be got off. The first horse that took water, swam nobly, with head and tail above water, struck the shore, and dashed at full gallop up the beach; several others performed the same feat. We were compelled to witness the spectacle of these noble animals chased and lassoed by the Mexicans on shore.

We were obliged to lay at anchor until the 17th, when, the storm having abated, the steamship *Alabama* came along side and took us in tow; at ten o'clock we were off the Island of Sacrificios, two miles south of the Castle of San Juan de Ulloa, whose terrific array of strength was now in full view. Official news of the victory of Buena Vista having been received to-day, a grand salute from the Navy, in honor, was fired. The salute was magnificent. An ominous stillness pervaded the sullen city and castle during the firing—when over, the castle answered us by dropping about us, and over the sands where the army lay, a sprinkling of their enormous shells.

We landed at two o'clock, and found our regiment had all safely arrived, as also a portion of the 4th. On shore, an unabating activity was seen—all hands, and they were thousands, were employed at incessant labor; the shore was covered with cannon, mortars, shells, and every description of shot. Mechanics, of various crafts, were busy at their respective vocations; houses building, the blacksmith at his anvil, soldiers drilling, and among the heterogenous mass, now and then, was dropping the enemy's shells, which seemed to amuse rather than terrify the busy actors.

On the 18th our regiment took up the line of march to the post assigned us, west of the city, one mile from the walls. There is a small stream of water which enters Vera Cruz through pipes, affording a limited supply. On the margin of this stream there is vegetation; in every other direction, for the distance of two miles, at the nearest point, all is drifting sands—the most perfect desolation. These sands are constantly drifted by the sea breeze towards the south and west, into a succession of sand hills, behind which a line of encampment was made by our army, completely investing the city in that direction. On the north and north-west, a sand beach extends for three miles, terminated by sand hills covered with small trees; on these hills our encampment was continued, which completed the line from the point of landing below the city, to the beach, at a point three miles above. The encampment forming the line of siege, is as follows: Commencing on the beach above the Island of Sacrificios, the command of Gen. Worth, on the right, next Gen. Patterson, with the brigades of Gens. Pillow, Shields and Quitman in the centre, and Gen. Twiggs on the extreme left, north of the city.

The country immediately back of our lines is broken sand hills, covered with vegetation, affording good pasturage for cattle. In these hills were daily encounters between our foraging parties and the lancers—fighting lancers and hunting beef was the regular pastime of the volunteer troops; there were three thousand lancers in these hills, and the war outside the lines became, some days, full as interesting as that inside. The whole army lay in a continuous line, in the sands, without tents, exposed to the burning sun by day, and heavy dews at night. For three weeks the exposure was great, but the excitement was greater; the health of the army was never better.

March 19th—The picket guard out last night, reported the hearing of loud cries as the weeping of women and children in the city. We heard the same while sitting upon a hill, but could not decide whether it was the cry of goats or women. The noise was of nightly occurrence, and what caused it divided opinion.

On the 20th, a portion of our regiment was detached to work upon the batteries erecting on the right of our line. We arrived at 4 p. m. at the place designated, being on the top of a hill covered with small trees, and within seven hundred yards of the walls of the city. Here was commenced the erection of a battery of four 68 and two 32 pounders; reliefs of forty men were excavating night and day upon this work, which was carried on in the most perfect silence—the enemy entirely ignorant of the planting of such a formidable ordnance in his vicinity. Between this battery and the beach, bomb batteries, under the direction of Gen. Worth, were erecting, towards which the fire of the enemy were incessantly directed; his shot were passing within two hundred yards of us, and to our un-

practised ears, seemed dangerously near. We were relieved from our position on the battery at 4 o'clock in the morning of the 21st, and returned to camp. A norther had sprung up in the night, filling the air with drifting sand—it was impossible to see ten paces in front—we were scattered over hills and compelled slowly to grope our way, several losing their caps; we arrived at sunrise in our camp, and found our yet sleeping companions buried in sand six inches deep.

The work of excavating was completed to-day at the heavy battery upon which we worked last night, and this evening the balance of our regiment, with detachments from several others, marched to the beach to take up the guns to the battery; these guns weighed seven thousand five hundred lbs. each, and were dragged with infinite labor to the place prepared. The Mexicans were unusually active to-day—firing shell and round shot incessantly, but effecting small damage; they were unable to obtain our distance. Their main fire was directed against the works of Gen. Worth, who was completing silently but admirably, his bomb batteries. Occasionally the shells of the enemy were dropped all along the line of the army, keeping us duly awake. This evening, five howitzer shells were planted in rapid succession directly in our encampment.

At 12 m., March 22d, Gen. Scott demanded the surrender of the city and castle, informing the commander that if not complied with, in two hours, the bombardment of Vera Cruz would follow. The demand was peremptorily refused, and at two o'clock, p. m., in the air over the centre of Vera Cruz, was seen three shells, the first from our mortars; three rapid and terrific explosions were heard, and the bombardment of Vera Cruz had commenced. The drama now opened—the deafening roar of artillery was incessant, and at night, bright stars were seen, arising out of the sands, describing regular arches, and descending into the devoted city; terrible explosions and the crash of buildings followed the descent of these stars, which were the burning fuses of the ponderous shells.

From the 22d to the 24th our bomb batteries never ceased—the bombardment relaxed not, day or night, but was hourly increasing in severity, as new mortars were opened; clouds of black smoke arose from burning houses in different portions of the city. The buildings of Vera Cruz are all fire proof, but as the shells fell through the roofs and exploded among goods or other combustible matter, fires were the consequence. On the morning of the 24th, the heavy battery on the hill, where we had been laboring, was unmasked, and the Mexicans in the city were seen upon the towers observing it very minutely; they saw it was a formidable battery, and at dangerous proximity. Every gun in city and castle that could be brought to bear was now directed against this battery. At 11 o'clock our great guns opened with round shot, and with terrible effect—flags fell, walls were crushed,

and the cannon upon forts dismounted; the enemy replied with equal spirit; night, which ended the din of cannonade, stopped not the unceasing fire from mortars. On the 25th, the fury of the cannonade was continued, and at two, P. M., the forts were silenced, and the enemy evidently overwhelmed with the might of our metal; at three, P. M., a white flag came out of the city, and went to the quarters of Gen. Scott—immediately all firing ceased, and a supernatural calmness ensued. There was silence for one hour, when rapid discharges of small arms were heard in the hills to our rear; troops were ordered out, but the affair proved to be only one of those daily encounters between our foragers and the laneers, which the cessation of the din of battle, enabled us more distinctly to hear.

The night of the 25th passed off with perfect silence, until about 12, M., when several rockets were seen flying in the air over the city, small arms were heard, the drums along the lines beat to arms; we were in line of battle in a few minutes. The alarm was caused by a rencontre between the picket guards, originating in a mistake of some kind. At three o'clock on the morning of the 26th, some movements were discovered in the city that looked suspicious, when our bomb batteries opened, and threw shells into the city until daylight. The enemy returned not a single shot, and the firing again ceased. A severe norther set in to-day, and blew without intermission until night. We were miserably annoyed the whole day by the drifting sands; it is impossible to cook—the eyes, ears and mouth, if opened, are filled with sand. It is understood that negotiations are going on for the surrender of the city and castle. On the 27th, in the morning, we learned that the terms offered by Gen. Scott had been refused by the Mexicans, and we were preparing to renew the cannonade, which was to commence at 12 M.; the hour came, but previously the city, castle and all public stores were surrendered. The terms gave the officers and soldiers permission to march out, stack their arms, and leave upon parole of honor.

Our loss during the siege was fourteen killed—two captains, one lieutenant and eleven privates. The Mexican loss can never be ascertained, and is variously estimated by them, at from 450 to 1,000. The 28th being Sunday, we all lay still.

Early on the 29th, we prepared to witness the marching out of the Mexican army. We were stationed upon a sand hill, not sufficiently near to have a fair view of the spectacle, a circumstance exceedingly unpleasant to us. There was no necessity why this disadvantageous position should have been assigned our brigade. We remained in place until the Star-Spangled Banner arose, amidst the shouts of thousands and the roar of artillery, upon the towers and castle of Vera Cruz. After our line was broken, we went over to the plain where the Mexican army was filing out of the city; they had already stacked arms, and, with the greater portion of the population,

women and children, were marching into the country. The inhabitants, deceived by their military leaders, thought that safety could only be secured by abandoning their homes. We were represented to be a horde of barbarians, destitute of humanity of any kind. They were in a starving condition, and our soldiers divided with them the contents of well filled haversacks. This kindness, so unexpected, changed their previously formed opinions, and the greater portion returned back to the city the same day.

The Mexican army which surrendered, numbered 4,500. The soldiers were a heterogenous mass of Indians, half bloods, and some pure negroes. We saw one negro captain; the officers, generally, were fine looking men. The most respectful deportment was maintained by our army towards the conquered Mexicans; no exultation—not the slightest—was manifested.

We visited the city the same evening, passing over the walls at a point where our heavy artillery had made a wide breach. The ruin which met the eye at every step cannot be imagined; our shells had torn up the solid pavements, rent the walls, and thrown out the contents of houses into the streets. The goods in stores mingled with, and buried in rubbish; we saw an extensive wine house, which had contained thousands of bottles, so demolished, that a thousand rowdies on a drunken spree, could not have occasioned a tithe of the confusion. The superstitious population had fled to the churches for protection, but the solid domes and walls of sacred places, afforded no protection; on the altar fell the ponderous shell, and saint and sinner, with the sacred robes of priests, were buried in one confused pile. The terrible destruction of a bombardment, with the practised science of our engineers, cannot be conceived without being seen. Our shells weigh 120 pounds, and of the thousands which we threw into Vera Cruz, not one in fifty fell without exploding at the proper time. A city attacked with lightning would suffer less destruction than from a scientific bombardment.

The city of Vera Cruz is surrounded with a wall ten feet high, and not over two feet thick. The wall is perforated its whole extent for the convenience of defence with small arms; it is also flanked with strong forts, which sweep the plain in front, and also enfilade the approaches to the walls. The garrison of the city expected us to attempt the place by storm; their preparations and the traps set for our reception were admirable. On the outside of the walls thousands of holes were dug, and the point of a lance placed at the bottom of each. They intended us to fall into these holes when the assault was made; inside, the streets were barricaded and defended with cannon.

The castle of San Juan is built upon a low Island in front of the city, rather less than a mile from the shore; properly defended, it is impregnable. Frequent descriptions have been written of this celebrated fortress, but without being personally examined, a correct knowledge of its vastness

cannot be had. The approaches to the city by water, are under the sweep of the guns of the castle. The city, if taken by land, could not be retained against the will of those who held the castle.

Vera Cruz is compactly built—the houses two and three stories, constructed with coral, small stones and cement. Every spot of ground within the walls is built upon; the population is said not to exceed six thousand. There are no fine squares or public walks in this place—all is dreary monotony; the inducements to live here can be only those of amassing a fortune, and leaving to enjoy its advantages in some more congenial region; yet, such is the force of habit, that individuals are here who have amassed princely fortunes, and desire not to change this abode of death and withering heat, for the green mountains and glorious clime within one day's travel.

The health of Vera Cruz is certainly bad, although the fever, if promptly met, with skillful attention, yields with less difficulty than is generally supposed. The remedies are simple—oil and lime acid being the principals; the deaths, however, equal one-third of the population every year. The greater portion, of course, are strangers or non-residents; the Mexicans from the mountain plains are more liable to fever and vomito at Vera Cruz, than foreigners. Four thousand of the Mexican soldiers are reported to have died at this place, when the expedition against Yucatan arrived here.

There are twenty-seven churches in Vera Cruz, several of them magnificent edifices. Particular orders were given to our engineers to avoid the destruction of spires and churches during the cannonade; no damage was done them by round shot, although shells produced unavoidable damage.

April 2d—We removed our quarters from the sand hills to the margin of the little stream which supplies the city with water. We here enjoy the sea breeze, and have green grass. Across this stream was our line of bomb batteries, erected by Gen. Worth, extending along the wall of the cemetery, and here was directed the main fire of the Mexicans. The whole plain is ploughed with round shot; hundreds of large excavations are made by the explosion of shells, where fragments are scattered in all directions. The cemetery is surrounded by a high wall, in which are constructed tombs; the shot of the enemy had broken this wall, and in many cases, hurled the dead out of their tombs. There is a chapel in the cemetery, which suffered, like every thing about here, from ball and shells; in the centre of the rotunda of this chapel, is an image of the Virgin, holding a crucifix, standing on a marble pedestal; it is a beautiful, delicate and richly dressed image, and stood unharmed, having escaped without the slightest damage, amid the explosion of shells and the crash of the dome above. The contrast between the smiling features of this little image and the terrible havoc surrounding, riveted attention.

Our line of siege crossed the aqueduct which supplied the city with water, yet no advantage was taken of this, by cutting off the water, a circumstance which would have caused much suffering to the population.

The army lay at Vera Cruz until the 8th of April, when orders to march to the interior were issued. The first division, under Gen. Twiggs, moved on the 8th, to be followed by the command of Gen. Patterson. A few days after the capture of the city, Gen. Quitman had marched to Alvarado, which was taken without much opposition, and the public stores there destroyed. The town had surrendered to Lieut. Hunter, of

the Navy, previous to the arrival of Gen. Quitman; the Lieutenant had no authority to take the place, and was brought before a court martial, and very justly; there is no offence deserving of greater condemnation than that of disobeying military orders; success is no palliation.

On the 9th, at ten o'clock, A. M., the division of Gen. Patterson was in motion for the interior, upon the direct road for the city of Mexico, in two brigades; the first under Brig. Gen. Pillow, consisting of two regiments Tennessee volunteers, and two Pennsylvania regiments, new levies; the second under Brig. Gen. Shields, composed of the 3d and 4th Illinois, and a New York regiment, new levy. The division was five thousand strong. Our road, after leaving the beach, was over burning sands, six inches deep; the thermometer, when we left camp, was at 105 degrees; the sea breeze tempered the power of the atmosphere on the coast, but we now entered a closely wooded country, the road winding through deep ravines; we were roasted alive. At the distance of nine miles we came to a small stream of water where we remained several hours, until the baggage wagons and artillery made their way through the sand; two miles further is the little town of Santa Fe, where the sands cease, and the road leads through a fine open prairie country; the temperature having materially lowered, we were revived and animated. It was dark when we had advanced three miles beyond Santa Fe, and report said that camp was only a mile or so beyond, but it proved to be eight miles. Great numbers of the new recruits failed to reach camp; the march was too great for any troops under the circumstances; the baggage wagons were all night in coming up; the consequence was, the whole brigade encamped in exceedingly bad humor, without supper or blankets to sleep upon.

April 10th—By sunrise all the stragglers had come up, and in a short time our men had supplied themselves with ample rations of fat beef, which, with the fresh crackers and bacon that Uncle Sam had lately sent on, and good coffee, made an excellent breakfast, to which ample justice was done. At nine o'clock we took up the line of march, passing over a beautiful stone bridge, which is one of the series of splendid structures of the kind, to be found on this road. These bridges were built by the old Spaniards, and, like all their works, durable as time. They are constructed of cement and stone; the arches are perfect, springing from piers of massive solidity. We are now upon the National Road, a wide, well paved work, with a regular grade; after a march of twelve miles, we encamped on a small stream. The soil is rich, covered with a better growth of timber than we had formerly seen in Mexico; land undulating, affording good pasturage for innumerable herds of cattle. There is a species of plum which abounds in this country; the trees are loaded with fruit, ripe and green on the same tree; it is good to eat, grateful to the taste, either ripe or green; singular as it may appear, all of these trees were destitute of leaves. No cultivation is seen upon the road, and rarely an inhabitant. Thermometer at 95.

Sunday, April 11th—At daylight the column was moving; being with the rear guard it was eight o'clock before we left the camp. Gen. Patterson had come up last night; he had been sick for several weeks, and with difficulty bore up under the fatigues of the march. At the distance of four miles we came to a small village, built upon each side of the road; the inhabitants had generally fled. We were now rapidly ascending a mountainous country, but with a gradual slope; to-day a pleasant shower of rain fell, a circumstance indicating that a new climate had been reached. We arrived early in the day at the National Bridge, and encamped; this place is also called the Grand Pass.

The Mexicans, under La Vega, were making preparations to dispute our progress, but left on the approach of Gen. Twiggs, who was one day's march in advance. The first obstruction we discovered, was a large quantity of round stones placed in the road, at a point within the reach of cannon on the main height; these stones had been taken to this place with infinite labor, but the idea that our march would have been impeded by such an obstruction, excited the ridicule of our soldiers. This is a formidable pass if an army should attempt to march through it on the road, but it is easily turned above and below, at which points our dragoons were discovered crossing by the Mexicans, a hint to them that it was time to be leaving, which they speedily improved.

The National Bridge is a stupendous and magnificent structure; it is a continuation of arches, spanning two rivers; the first is a small stream, which rises out of a single spring, two hundred yards above the bridge, and enters the second, a considerable river, called Grande Frio, a short distance below the Bridge. Grande Frio is a rapid mountain river, the bed full of large fragments of stone, which have been detached from the precipitous sides of the mountains; this river, when full, flows with a mighty torrent, sweeping enormous rocks of many tons weight, down its channel; over its angry water, the arches of the Bridge National are securely spanned, impressing the spectator with their imposing grandeur and permanence. The Bridge over Grande Frio is three hundred yards long; the whole extent of the Bridge over both streams—it is continuous arches—is at least eight hundred yards. A point of land above the Bridge, between the two rivers, commands the pass on each side of the Bridge; upon this elevation is erected a slight fortification, but such is the difficulty of ascent, that a few men could defend it against any odds. This place has formerly been one of greater resort than at present, as is seen by the remains of gardens and decaying buildings. There is a small village here, in a state of decay, but magnificent trees flourish in external verdure, showing that nature does not retrograde like the unworthy natives, who are unable to appreciate this glorious climate. On an eminence beyond the village is the hacienda of Santa Anna; it is a plain building surrounded with a piazza, cool and admirably adapted to the climate. All the country from Vera Cruz to Jalapa is owned by Santa Anna; at convenient distances he has built mansions, which, with their rich and luxurious furniture, are left in the care of servants.

April 12th—At daylight we continued the march, our brigade in front, the New York regiment leading, followed by the 3d and 4th Illinois. Our march was rapid, without a halt for nine miles, when, the heat being oppressive—thermometer at 95—we turned in under the wide-spreading branches of trees on the road side. We had scarcely seated ourselves, panting with heat, when the deep boom of cannon was heard over the hills in front. Our boys, who were fainting a moment before, started to their feet, pricked their ears, and with anxious countenances listened for a repetition of the note of woe. Rapid discharges followed, the brigade was formed, arms and cartridge boxes inspected, and we marched on to double quick time, making ten miles in two hours and a half; arriving at the Rio del Plane, we overtook the brigade of Gen. Twiggs, who had retired four miles, having met the enemy in great force at the Cerro Gordo.

We encamped at this place, which, in some respects, resembles the National Bridge; two streams are crossed at a point near their junction; there is, also, a high point of land above and between the bridges, upon which is a tower, not completed, but intended for a fortification. From this tower is a fine view of the Cerro Gordo.

This afternoon, orders were read, directing us to be ready at four o'clock the next

morning, with thirty-six hours provisions and a canteen of water, for a contemplated attack upon the enemy. The preparations were rapidly making when the order was postponed for twenty-four hours.

On the 13th we lay in camp, with the exception of the foraging parties, who were spread over the whole country, collecting supplies—beef, pigs, deer, turkeys and chickens were found abundant, and of fine quality. Above the first bridge, at this place, the river came tumbling down over shelving rocks, falling into basins of various depths, from three to ten feet deep, the whole overshadowed with wide-spreading trees. In these cool basins of limpid water, the dusty, scorched soldier found an invigorating bath, making him forget the burning rays of a tropic sun, and duly appreciate the feelings of the pilgrim, who, in a "burning clime, longed for the cooling fountain."

This evening the same order was announced to the army, for an attack on the Cerro Gordo, issued on the night of the 12th, changing the time to two o'clock in the morning. Since a more minute knowledge of the force and strong position of the enemy had been gained, mistrust pervaded the whole army, relative to the policy of giving battle before the arrival of Gen. Scott. It was believed by the army that a correct knowledge of the enemy's position had not been obtained by the officers commanding; the five reports submitted, describing the enemy's lines, all disagreed in essential particulars. Under these circumstances, an ominous foreboding oppressed the minds of all. The officers commanding at this time, were Gens. Twiggs, Pillow and Shields. The capacity of Gen. Twiggs to execute an order was doubted by no one; other opinions were entertained with regard to his skill and prudence as general-in-chief. Gen. Pillow was the senior of Gen. Shields, and in him (Pillow) no kind of confidence was reposed. It was strongly suspected that the leaders in this contemplated attack, were desirous of creating gunpowder popularity at the expense of our lives, and when Gen. Patterson, who was sick, reported himself for duty, expressly to overrule this mad-cap adventure, the whole army felt a deep sense of gratitude towards him, well satisfied that his superior coolness saved them from a disgraceful defeat.

April 14th—We remained still in camp to-day; several Mexican prisoners were taken, from whom it was learned that Santa Anna commanded in person at Cerro Gordo, that La Vega was with him, and his force equalled 19,000 men. In the afternoon General Scott arrived, to the infinite delight of the army; all uncertainty was now gone—that vague, indefinable sensation of mistrust, visible upon all countenances, was instantly dissipated by the presence of the General. The hum of satisfaction, the joyous laugh, recently suppressed, arose throughout our encampment; all faces manifested, that now an order to advance would be to victory.

This afternoon a shocking accident occurred in the 4th Illinois. McGee, of D company, when drawing his ramrod, was shot by his gun accidentally going off, firing the rod through his heart, causing instant death. Afterwards the rod struck Williams, of the same company, and dangerously wounded him in the neck.

April 18th—A man in the Tennessee regiment was accidentally shot dead, and another wounded. Our scouts brought in a deserter from the Mexicans; he was a German and deserted from Gen. Taylor at the battle of Monterey, at a time when it appeared that the Mexican interest was in the ascendant; now, when the tables were apparently turned, he deserted back to us. A man of the 2d Tennessee infantry was killed to-day by the Mexicans, while on a foraging excursion. One mile below the bridge of the Rio del Platte there is a cave, out of which issues a cool stream, the coldest water we had yet seen in Mexico. The approach to this spring is obstructed with vast fragments of stone, that have fallen down from the precipitous sides of the mountain, and covered with deep foliage; no path could be seen upon the rocks leading to the cave, yet our boys found it—an evidence of the untiring energy of volunteers.

This afternoon orders were read, directing preparations for the morrow, of serious import. One man detailed from each company as camp guard—thirty-six hours provisions prepared—also, one man from each company detailed, and, together with the musicians, placed under the charge of the surgeons—the surgeons of each regiment to have one wagon, twelve blankets, and amputating instruments in good order. These latter instructions had a cool calculation about them rather too significant to be mistaken.

April 17th—This morning Gen. Twiggs' brigade marched out of camp in the direction of Cerro Gordo. It was not expected that any engagement would ensue this day

between the Mexicans and our army; points were prepared to be occupied from which other positions could be taken in the night. The brigade of Gen. Pillow also left camp. At one o'clock heavy firing from cannon and small arms was heard; two hours after, the brigade of Gen. Shields marched out of camp, towards the scene of action. The entrenchments of the Mexicans at Cerro Gordo were four miles from our encampment on the Rio del Plane; we marched on at a steady pace; the fire of the combatants increasing, we expected soon to have a sight of battle. At the distance of three miles, the road takes a turn to the left, where it is commanded for a mile by the batteries on the heights. At this turn, the brigade of Gen. Twiggs was fired upon, the day we arrived at the Rio del Plane, which we heard at the distance of fourteen miles back. Gen. Twiggs had left his camp in the usual line of march, with his entire train, supposing that the Mexicans would retire as at the National Bridge. He, with difficulty saved his train, and nothing but the folly of the Mexicans, firing too soon, prevented his entire destruction. We were expected by the enemy to march down this road of course, and let them rake our line by the cross fire of several heavy batteries. However, before arriving at this exposed portion of the road, our brigade, and those preceding, filed off on a right hand road, which had been cut out, leading to the foot of the Cerro Gordo, through circuitous defiles, invisible to the enemy, and beyond the reach of their cannon. The brigade of Gen. Twiggs which had proceeded down those defiles, had incautiously exposed itself at a certain point, which led to the action of the 17th.

By the time we had reached the entrance to the new road, the firing had ceased. Our route now, as we have said, led through narrow defiles; it was choked up with field batteries and a heavy siege train; with difficulty we slowly made our way through. At sundown the position of the surgeons was passed, who were busily engaged dressing wounds and amputating limbs; the wounded were borne past upon litters, from the scene of action. These were the first evidences seen by our men of the reality of a battle, divested of its poetry.

The action of the 17th gave us the possession of a mountain of great importance, facing the Cerro Gordo, and not much inferior to the main height itself. The Mexicans had neglected to fortify this mountain, supposing it impossible that we would reach it, or be able to ascend with artillery. Our brigade, in conjunction with a portion of Gen. Twiggs' command, worked by details of four hundred men, the whole night of the 17th, drawing up heavy artillery to the top of the mountain, effecting the same by two o'clock on the morning of the 18th. Long cables were attached to heavy ordnance, which the united efforts of four hundred men forced up an ascent of one half a mile, where a man could scarcely climb. Over small trees and the stony side of the mountain, rapidly ascended the ponderous gun, weighing seventy-five hundred pounds; at early dawn our batteries were in place, fronting the enemy in his fancied inaccessible fortress.

The sun was gilding the top of the Cerro Gordo on the 18th, when the guns we had taken to the top of the mountain, opened upon the Mexicans. Our men had taken, in column of companies, some repose on the side of the mountain, after the fatigues of the night; we were now eating a cold breakfast of meat and bread, when our line, discovered from the top of the Cerro, was saluted with a sprinkle of grape; the music of this kind of shot had a tone as novel as affecting—the irregularity of the tone of these small balls, was equalled only by their wayward flight. A man may dodge a single cannon ball, as is sometimes done by the best of soldiers—it is true, this kind of dodging is often ridiculously late, the danger over before perceived—but the most obtuse early learn the folly of trying to dodge grape shot; they fall above, below and every where. Notwithstanding this unceremonious disturbance at the hour of breakfast, our men had appetites too keen to be satisfied with a diet as lean as grape; the ration of beef was eaten amid the storm that was howling through the chapparral.

The 4th and 3d Illinois, and the New York regiment were on the side of the mountain, in column of companies, in the above order, the 4th Illinois on the right. The aid-de-camp of Gen. Shields, Capt. Hammond, rode up about seven o'clock, to the right of the 4th, and gave the order to advance to Col. Baker; he then came to the right of the 3d, and instructed Col. Forman to follow the 4th by a right flank; no other instruction was given. At the period of time when the left of the 4th was filing off, the right of the 3d commenced moving by a right flank; the 3d, by order of the Colonel, was

halted—cause unknown. During this halt the 4th Illinois had filed down the mountain and was out of sight. The 3d at length moved by a right flank around the base of the mountain, when, arriving at the gorge, up which stood the Cerro Gordo, we were calmly spoken to by Gen. Scott, who, with his staff, stood behind a bluff bank. The General cautioned us to shoot low, and with coolness, stating that he had great confidence in Illinois. On entering the gorge, an officer behind the bluff advised us to march through it with quick time—a necessary admonition, as the grape and round shot from the Cerro passed down this place in a terrific stream, attested by incessant whirring, tearing sounds, and dead bodies of horses and men. Passing through this dangerous defile, the 3d continued to advance until under some high bluffs at the foot of the Cerro Gordo. Here it became evident that a wrong position had been reached; halting, a hurried consultation ensued between Col. Forman and Maj. Marshall; the Major had not heard the instructions given by Capt. Hammond, being on the left of the regiment, but advised, if an error had been unfortunately committed, the best remedy he knew was to get into the fight as soon as possible. We retraced our steps by a left flank, recrossing the gorge before the Cerro, then filing left, ascended the high hills opposite the centre of the Mexican line. At this time the brigade of Gen. Twiggs, led by Col. Harney of the Dragoons, was advancing slowly, but with admirable coolness, up the Cerro Gordo; their line of battle encircled one half the mountain, which is conical, and had been cleared by the Mexicans of trees, giving them a clear view of the advancing line. The top of the Cerro was blazing by the discharge of thirty pieces of artillery, and the small arms of 4,000 infantry; the gradual, regular and beautiful advance of the line up the Cerro, resembled the progress of fire upon the prairie. Although exposed to the whole fire of the enemy while ascending the heights opposite the Cerro, our regiment could not refrain from cheering at a sight so glorious. By the time we had reached the heights we were ascending, the first line of the enemy's batteries upon the Cerro, were taken, and our flag supplanted the Mexican. Majestically, and with a stately pace, moved the stars and stripes from the first line, now taken, to the second and last entrenchment on the summit. Our flag seemed to waver when the last blow was struck for the possession of Cerro Gordo; the concussion of artillery caused the folds of the two flags to interlace, but the eagle of Mexico covered before that of the Union.

The 3d was filing over the hills leading to the left of the Mexican line, the fire from the main batteries being silenced. We marched several hundred yards without meeting with any obstruction, until, arriving within range of a battery of five guns, a deadly shower of grape and cannister fell upon the head of our line. It seemed impossible that any could escape unharmed—the small trees quivered in the storm. At this point Gen. Shields was struck; his aid-de-camp, Capt. Davis, passed us, assisting the removal of the General upon a blanket. The greatest loss sustained by the 3d, occurred at the same place. Marching on under this galling fire, we met a body of lancers; the regiment deployed, supposing that an attempt was making to out flank us. After a few rounds the lancers retreated, their object being, as we afterwards learned, to effect a safe retreat for themselves across our line. Beyond this we continued our march a short distance, and met two companies of the 4th, who had become separated from their regiment. Joining us, our line led towards the Jalapa road to the extreme left of the Mexicans. We now met Col. Baker, who had a part of three companies with him; halting, a consultation between Col. Baker and Col. Forman resulted in an agreement on the part of Col. Forman, to allow Col. Baker to lead a charge upon the five gun battery which had never ceased raking our line since we came within range, at the place where Gen. Shields fell.

The position of these guns was unknown to us—they were hid by a dense chapparal. Col. Baker had been farther to the left, and had discovered their location, the reason why he desired to lead the charge. It may be proper to state, that one company of the 3d did not hear the order to retrace our steps by a left flank, and had been separated from the regiment until this moment.

The line stood as it had marched; the order given by Col. Baker, by the left flank, march! pointed the line towards the enemy; every man made his way through the chapparal, prickly pears and thorns in an incredible manner; looking at the ground afterwards, it seemed impossible that man could penetrate a place of the kind. There

was a clean space of ground, about one hundred and fifty yards wide, before the battery, which stood upon a small elevation. When our line emerged into this open space, rending the air with shouts, the enemy precipitately left his guns; so great was his panic, that cannon shotted and primed were left, which we turned and fired upon his retreating masses.

Our line advanced beyond the battery to the Jalapa road, in which stood the coach of Santa Anna, harnessed, ready to leave; his defeat, unexpected as rapid, compelled a retreat on horseback, into the mountains to the left of the road. In the coach was found a cork leg of Santa Anna's, and near by his cash, amounting to about \$20,000, his dinner, all his papers, provisions, baggage wagons and mules, which fell into the possession of our line. We passed over dead and wounded Mexicans, and dead mules in the harness. At this time the enemy's lines and entrenchments were completely turned. A portion of Gens. Twiggs' and Shields' brigades, two companies of Col. Harney's Dragoons, and Capt. Taylor, with two pieces of his artillery pursued the retreating enemy to El Encerro, twelve miles, the artillery bearing on them with good effect all the way. Here the line encamped for the night.

The loss in killed and wounded in Gen. Shields' brigade is as follows: 3d Illinois regiment, 3 killed and 13 wounded; 4th Illinois regiment, 6 officers and 42 non-commissioned officers and privates killed and wounded; New York regiment, 1 officer and 5 privates killed and wounded. The Mexican loss, 1200 in killed and wounded; American loss, 63 killed and 368 wounded; 3,000 of the Mexicans surrendered themselves prisoners of war, and 5,000 stand of arms and 43 pieces of artillery were taken by the Americans. American army 8,500—Mexican army 12,000. It may be proper to state that Lieut. Col. Willey, of the 3d Illinois, with three companies detached from General Shields' brigade, assisted in drawing Capt. Taylor's artillery over the Cerro Gordo hill, on the 18th.

On the morning of the 19th, our line took up the line of march, and at one o'clock, P. M., reached the city of Jalapa, Gens. Patterson and Twiggs in the advance. The inhabitants of the city made no resistance, but implored protection. All the barracks and public buildings were given up, which our army occupied for quarters during their stay here. Traveling twenty-five miles from the Cerro Gordo hill, rising one bench of mountain after another, brings the traveler into the beautiful city of Jalapa, which is situated on a high elevation, 7,500 feet above the level of the sea. The country from Encerro to this city, is beautiful, the water of an excellent quality and the land nearly all fenced in; the fencing is all built with stone. There is a great many large grazing farms on this road, a great portion said to belong to Santa Anna, and also, a great many splendid buildings. Jalapa is a city of 3,000 inhabitants, with several Catholic churches, splendid buildings; streets narrow, and beautifully paved with stone; two plazas and a market. The city is watered all over by aqueduct, and of good quality. The city commands a plain view of the Orizaba mountain, whose eminence is covered with perpetual snow. In Jalapa is always spring—in view, eternal winter. The country around the city is beautiful, with high elevations, and beautiful valleys between. The inhabitants have a better appearance than in any other town or city we visited in Mexico.

A large portion of the people here are foreigners, from all parts of the world. The arrival of the army here frightened the people very much, as the conduct of our army had been misrepresented to them. In a short time the fright wore off the people, and their doors and markets were thrown open to us; the market is fine here—beef and pork is found in market of the finest quality; vegetables and tropical fruit are found in abundance, which the people supply our army with. It is more seasonable here than it is down on the lowlands: vegetation looks more flourishing than any place that we have seen in Mexico. The corn is found here in its first blade, and all stages to the ripe ear; wheat, barley and oats grow very fine here. The peach, among other fruit, is found.

On the morning of the 20th, the streets of the city were crowded with Mexican soldiers—the prisoners taken on the 18th, at Cerro Gordo, were released on parole, and thence marched to this place. Here were both armies mingling together in the streets, without arms, which had been piercing each other with the cold steel two days before. Rations were issued to the Mexican soldiers, and they were busily enga-

ged in cooking and eating for some time. They appeared to be very hungry; a great many of them were met here by their wives and friends, and in the afternoon they had all dispersed.

On the 20th, Generals Scott and Worth arrived from the battle-field, with the division of the latter, bringing up the baggage train, with our camp equipage, which we had been deprived of several days, in which time we neither had coats, blankets, or cooking utensils, and but short rations; the same day the wagon train was sent back to Vera Cruz.

On the 21st, Gen. Pillow arrived from the battle-field with his brigade, and encamped four miles from town, on the road leading to the city of Mexico. On the 23d, orders came down from head quarters for Gen. Shields' brigade to move out near Gen. Pillow's encampment, which order was obeyed, and we made a new encampment near the road between two hills, in a beautiful valley, on the bank of a small stream flowing out of the mountains, and as cold as ice water. The country around this encampment has a beautiful appearance, and is densely populated. There is a spinning factory near by, worked by water power, and several splendid buildings, and also a large barracks, a station for the lancers and their horses. The timber is taller here than any that we have seen, but we have found none that will make rails; the sycamore and sweet gum, live oak and post oak, is found, but not large; the black berry grows large; we noticed one vine that was four inches in diameter and one hundred feet long, running over the branches of the trees like the grape vine. We saw the ripe berry and the blossom on the same vine; we found the ripe orange and blossom on the same tree.

Gen. Worth did not make any halt here, but proceeded on about thirty miles to the town of Perote, a strongly fortified city, with a population of several thousand inhabitants. We learn by an express that Gen. Worth has possession of the city, which he took without opposition; there was some soldiers in their entrenchments, but they evacuated the place before Gen. Worth reached there—spiking their cannon before they left.

A train of seventy wagons was sent back to Vera Cruz, on the 23d. The climate here is very pleasant in daylight, but the nights are quite cool. On the morning of the 24th, thermometer stood at 50 degrees, and at 12 o'clock at 78; showers of rain have been frequent ever since our arrival in this vicinity.

The morning of the 25th, being Sunday, a large portion of our men attended church in the city. The church was supplied with four priests, and after going through a great many forms and ceremonies that we could not understand, the congregation was dismissed. After coming out of the church, we found the best market that we have seen. Sunday appears to be the greatest market among the Mexicans. There was an arrival of a heavy mail to-day, which brought letters to a great many of our men from their friends, which they are reading with a great deal of anxiety.

On the 25th, Gen. Shields was removed from the battle-field at Cerro Gordo, to Jalapa, for the purpose of getting better quarters; he was moved on a litter, carried by four men. No pains are spared in giving him medical aid.

On the 27th, all the wounded men were brought from the battle-field to Jalapa, and put in hospitals, under the care of the surgeons. Several men have died from the wounds that they received at Cerro Gordo. Good health prevails in the army—the wounded are doing as well as could be expected. We have frequent hard showers of rain; every day there is an appearance of the wet season setting in.

On the morning of the 29th thermometer stood at 60 degrees, and at 12 o'clock at 80 degrees; on the same day a train of one hundred wagons arrived from Vera Cruz, and also a part of our brigade which had been left at Matamoros last winter in the hospital. There was three of the wounded men of the 4th Illinois died to-day. On the 30th our brigade was mustered and inspected, together with their arms and accoutrements. There was one man of Company H, 3d Illinois, killed to-day by a party of Mexicans, while out on a beef hunting excursion; three companies were sent out on pursuit of the Mexicans and came up with them, killing and wounding several. One man died to-day from wounds, in the Pennsylvania regiment.

May 1st—At 6 o'clock, A. M. thermometer stood at 64, at noon, 90; two men of the 3d Illinois died to-day from wounds received in the late battle—Sergt. Allen of Company E, and Lard, a private of Company C. One of our wagon trains was attacked the

other day beyond the National Bridge by a guerilla party, and a charge was made on them by the train guard and dispersed without any loss.

On the 2d, orders came from head quarters calling for 500 men from the twelve months volunteers to guard a train of wagons and pack mules to Vera Cruz and then back to the upper country. This order was soon responded to—two hundred men of our brigade volunteered. This morning before day there was a man by the name of Kingsberry found ten miles out from Jalapa, near the road leading to Vera Cruz, by a party of soldiers coming up from the hospital at Vera Cruz; he was mangled and cut to pieces in a barbarous manner. He started to Vera Cruz two days ago with an escort of three Mexicans, having \$500 with him; after traveling a few miles, the Mexicans led him off the road and robbed him of his money, and left him, as they supposed, dead. The party brought him on to town, and the surgeons dressed his wounds, finding them full of creepers; the man has his senses and recollects all the circumstances.

May 4th—To-day orders were sent down to the army from Gen. Scott, to make preparations to advance by brigades in the direction to the city of Mexico. The advance to start to-day, and the succeeding brigades twenty-four hours after each other, and that every soldier have two days rations cooked in his haversack.

On the 5th, the above orders were countermanded and a new order given as follows: that all the twelve months volunteers advance no farther, but that they return back to Vera Cruz, thence take shipping for New Orleans, and there be discharged and paid off. There was found to be seven regiments of twelve months men; 3d and 4th Illinois, 1st and 2d Tennessee infantry, one regiment Tennessee cavalry, one Alabama and one Georgia regiment.

On the 6th of May, the twelve months volunteers took up the line of march for Vera Cruz. The Tennessee regiments, under Col. Campbell, started at seven o'clock, A. M.; the 3d and 4th Illinois started at two o'clock, P. M.—the New York regiment gave us a parting salute as we marched off. The Alabama and Georgia regiments were to have marched on the 7th. We were very agreeably disappointed in our direction of marching. The thoughts of turning our faces towards home, showed a joyous and pleasant countenance upon every man. We made seven miles and encamped in a large barracks, which had been occupied by Santa Anna's soldiers.

Early on the 7th, our brigade took up the line of march and encamped at Plan del Roi, distance twenty miles; passing Cerro Gordo, our men all stopped to look over the battle field. We were on all the heights, and at all the entrenchments we found that the Mexicans had gathered up the remains of the bodies of the Mexican soldiers who had been killed in battle, and committed them to the flames. The Cerro Gordo hill was a desolate looking place to us, while looking over the graves of our companions in arms, who fell in battle. Burns Harlin, orderly sergeant of company D, 3d Illinois, fell back in the rear to-day, and was fired upon by a Mexican, breaking his leg at the ankle joint; the Mexican run off. Harlin lay some two hours, when two Tennessee officers, passing by on horseback, took him up and brought him into camp.

On the 8th, early in the morning, a litter was made to carry our wounded man on, and a small brass piece of cannon, presented to the 3d Illinois, was loaded and placed into a wagon, and our line advanced forward. After marching two miles, we were met by several swinging litters, swung to mules owned by Mexicans. Our officers pressed one of these and put our wounded man in, and proceeded on to the National Bridge, eighteen miles. Here we rested a few hours in the heat of the day, and then proceeded on six miles, to a small village on a small stream, and encamped. Our men suffered greatly to-day with heat, and for water—thermometer at 95.

At an early hour on the 9th, our regiment advanced forward, and marched fifteen miles to, and encamped on, a small stream. This is the encampment that is generally reached on the first day's march out from Vera Cruz. Here we met a large train of wagons on their way out to Jalapa, guarded by two companies of dragoons.

To avoid marching through the deep sand in the heat of the day, it was thought best to start at twelve o'clock at night, which was done. We arrived in the vicinity of Vera Cruz early on the morning of the 10th, and encamped on what is called Gen. Twiggs' old encampment, on the beach, on a small stream putting into the Gulf, three miles northwest of the city, here to remain until transportation could be provided. This last

day's march is the most difficult one that our men have made in Mexico; a great portion of the way through deep sand, and sand hills thickly covered with chapparal, with no circulation of air. The hot sunshine almost suffocates the soldier, passing this part of the road in the heat of the day, especially raw troops, who have not experienced the hard marches in Mexico. A great many men have suffocated and died from excessive heat in marching through these sands. There were a great many of our men exhausted and worn down when we reached this encampment. On going into the city, we found business of all kinds going on briskly, clearing the rubbish out of the streets, that had been torn from the houses at the time of the bombardment, and also, the rebuilding of houses. The inhabitants of the city appear to be submissive to our laws, which give them protection. We found the wharf, and government stores and warehouses crowded with business—landing and storing away supplies for the army, and new troops from the States landing, who were on their way out to head-quarters. To be on the wharf here, we sometimes are led to think that we must be in some city in the States. The heat is very oppressive here, the thermometer ranging from 95 to 100 in the shade. Gen. Patterson and staff embarked on the steamer *Fashion*, and sailed on the 11th for New Orleans, and the 3d and 4th Illinois commenced embarking on different vessels on the 12th. Seven companies of the 3d Illinois embarked on the steamer *Mary Kingsland*, and sailed on the 13th for New Orleans, where we arrived on the 18th. Our vessel made a safe passage, with the loss of one man overboard, the first night that we were out. Leaving our wounded man in the hospital at Vera Cruz, we left the shores of Mexico with glad hearts, but with the regret of leaving a large number of our companions under her drifting sands.

On our passage we had some cases of sea sickness, which is common at sea, but we were favored with fine sea breezes, finding the climate more mild on sea than on land—thermometer standing generally at 82 to 85. We were greatly amused at seeing large companies of porpoises playing around our vessel, and our men shooting at them with their muskets.

On the 17th, at four o'clock, P. M., our vessel hove in sight of the light house at the North-west Pass in the mouth of the Mississippi; thence passing up the river, the reader may form some idea of the feelings of the soldier who has left all that is near and dear to him, and has passed through a hard and laborious twelve months campaign, to come in sight of his native soil, and to sail upon the beautiful waters of the beloved Mississippi. On arriving at New Orleans, a salute of thirteen guns was given by our cannon, which we brought from Cerro Gordo, and we received a hearty welcome from the citizens and were hospitably treated by them, though our appearance was very rough, with our long moustaches, worn out clothes and sun burnt faces.

On the 21st our seven companies were mustered out of service, and turned over their arms and accoutrements, and on the 22d were paid off. The men now feeling themselves as citizens, and retired from the service, chose to lay off the soldier's garb, and dress themselves in citizen's clothing again. Our vessel was the first of our brigade that arrived here; the other vessels are arriving every day, and being mustered out of service and paid off. The streets of the city are crowded with the returning volunteers. We find that the excess of heat is not so great here as in the burning sands of Mexico, the thermometer ranging at 78 to 80 in the shade. Our men are starting for home as fast as they are paid off, and can get transportation. Company D, of 3d Illinois, with several others from other companies, embarked on the steamer *Brunswick*, bound for St. Louis, and left May 24th, and arrived at St. Louis June 1st, 1847, at two o'clock, A. M. Had a safe and pleasant passage; some men were taken sick on the boat, and the hospitable officers of the boat gave them medical aid. We were hospitably treated by the citizens of St. Louis while we stopped there. After getting to St. Louis, every man had to get home the best way he could—some hiring wagons, some by stage, some on foot, and the 5th of June, 1847, brought the most of us to the fond embraces of our families and friends, having been absent from them twelve months.

The 3d regiment Illinois volunteers left Alton, Illinois, with 989 men. At the expiration of their term of service they mustered out 450 men, showing a loss of 539 men, of which 140 died in the service by disease, or were killed in battle, and 399 were discharged from the service on account of sickness.

OFFICIAL REGISTER

OF THE

OFFICERS OF THE ILLINOIS VOLUNTEERS.

The following list embraces the names of the officers of the four Regiments of Illinois Volunteers, as published by the Governor of the State, at the time of their organization, and is here appended for future reference :

FIRST REGIMENT.

John J. Hardin, Colonel,	Samuel R. Black, 2d lieutenant.
Wm. Weatherford, Lieutenant Colonel,	Wm. A. Richardson, Captain,
William B. Warren, Major.	Geo. W. Robison, 1st lieutenant,
James D. Morgan, Capt. Quincy Riflem'n	Allen Persinger, 2d lieutenant,
B. M. Prentiss, 1st lieut. & adjutant,	George S. Myers, 2d lieutenant.
William Y. Henry, 2d lieutenant.	Albion T. Crow, Captain,
Lyman Mower, Captain,	John Scanland, 1st lieutenant,
D. Stewart Elliott, 1st lieutenant,	Robert C. Buzan, 2d lieutenant,
Samuel M. Parsons, 2d lieutenant,	Francis Ryan, 2d lieutenant.
William Erwin, 2d lieutenant.	William J. Wyatt, Captain,
Elisha Wells, Captain,	Jas. H. Weatherford, 1st lieutenant,
Michael P. Smith, 1st lieutenant,	Isaac S. Wright, 2d lieutenant,
Lemuel D. Ross, 2d lieutenant,	James M. Woods, 2d lieutenant.
Patrick Higgins, 2d lieutenant.	Sam'l. Montgomery, Captain,
Noah Fry, Captain,	Bryan R. Houghton, 1st lieutenant,
William C. Rainey, 1st lieutenant,	Benjamin Harris, 2d lieutenant,
Solomon S. Chester, 2d lieutenant,	Hezekiah Evans, 2d lieutenant.
Joshua C. Winters, 2d lieutenant.	Theophilus L. Diekey, Captain,
Jacob W. Zabriski, Captain,	Edmund S. Holbrook, 1st lieutenant,
John L. McConnell, 1st lieutenant,	Henry J. Reed, 2d lieutenant,
James E. Dunlap, 2d lieutenant,	Wm. H. L. Wallace, 2d lieutenant.

SECOND REGIMENT.

William H. Bissell, Colonel,	John Prickett, 1st lieutenant,
Jas. L. D. Morrison, Lieutenant Colonel,	Abel H. Kellogg, 2d lieutenant,
Xerxes F. Trail, Major.	Henry Briggs, 2d lieutenant.
Julius Raith, Captain,	Elzey C. Coffey, Captain,
Nathaniel Niles, 1st lieutenant,	Harvey Nevil, 1st lieutenant,
Adolphus Engleman, 2d lieutenant,	Wm. B. Rountree, 2d lieutenant,
Louis Stock, 2d lieutenant.	Allen B. Rountree, 2d lieutenant.
Peter Goff, Captain,	Joseph Lemon, Captain,
James W. Baker, 1st lieutenant,	Jacob C. Hinekey, 1st lieutenant,
Edward F. Fletcher, 2d lieutenant,	G. P. McFarland, 2d lieutenant,
Rodney Ferguson, 2d lieutenant.	Nelson B. Hughes, 2d lieutenant.
Erastus Wheeler, Captain,	John S. Hacker, Captain,
George W. Prickett, 1st lieutenant,	Sidney S. Condon, 1st lieutenant,
Joel Foster, 2d lieutenant,	Joshua Roberts, 2d lieutenant,
Wm. B. Reynolds, 2d lieutenant.	Alphonso Grammar, 2d lieutenant.
Abram R. Dodge, Captain,	Madison Miller, Captain,

A. G. Whiteside, 1st lieutenant,
John L. Wilson, 2d lieutenant,
James H. Waddle, 2d lieutenant.

Laban G. Jones, Captain,
N. B. Dilhorn, 1st lieutenant,
Charles L. Starbuck, 2d lieutenant,

Thomas Armstrong, 2d lieutenant.

Henry L. Webb, Captain,
William A. Hughes, 1st lieutenant,
Aaron Atherton, 2d lieutenant,
William Price, 2d lieutenant.

THIRD REGIMENT.

Ferris Forman, Colonel,
Wilson W. Willey, Lieutenant Colonel,
Samuel D. Marshall, Major.

Philip Stout, Captain,
James T. B. Stapp, 1st lieutenant & Adj.
James W. Boothe, 2d lieutenant,
Richard M. Hankins, 2d lieutenant.

James Freeman, Captain,
Eli Hooper, 1st lieutenant,
William L. McNeil, 2d lieutenant,
David Evey, 2d lieutenant.

W. W. Bishop, Captain,
John J. Adams, 1st lieutenant,
H. C. Dunbar, 2d lieutenant,
Charles E. Jones, 2d lieutenant.

John A. Campbell, Captain,
Jacob H. Love, 1st lieutenant,
Ephraim Merritt, 2d lieutenant,
Samuel J. R. Wilson, 2d lieutenant.

Stephen G. Hicks, Captain,
Lewis F. Casey, 1st lieutenant,
William A. Thomas, 2d lieutenant,

Thos. S. Livingston, 2d lieutenant.

Jeduthan P. Hardy, Captain,
Charles Coker, 1st lieutenant,
Garret Richey, 2d lieutenant,
Warden C. Coons, 2d lieutenant.

James C. McAdams, Captain,
Thomas Rose, 1st lieutenant,
John Burke, 2d lieutenant,
John Corlew, 2d lieutenant.

Michael K. Lawler, Captain,
A. W. Pool, 1st lieutenant,
Sam'l L. M. Proctor, 2d lieutenant,
William Stricklin, 2d lieutenant.

Theodore McGinnis, Captain,
George Walker, 1st lieutenant,
Green B. Field, 2d lieutenant,
James McDonald, 2d lieutenant.

Benjamin E. Sellers, Captain,
James M. Hubbard, 1st lieutenant,
Sam'l. G. McAdams, 2d lieutenant,
Isaac Readfern, 2d lieutenant.

FOURTH REGIMENT.

Edward D. Baker, Colonel,
John Moore, Lieutenant Colonel,
Thomas L. Harris, Major.

Isaac C. Pugh, Captain,
Richard J. Oglesby, 1st lieutenant,
Anderson Froman, 2d lieutenant,
John P. Post, 2d lieutenant.

Garrett Elkin, Captain,
A. J. Wallace, 1st lieutenant,
James Withers, 2d lieutenant,
William L. Duncan, 2d lieutenant,

Horatio E. Roberts, Captain,
William T. Barrett, 1st lieutenant,
William B. Fonday, 2d lieutenant,
John S. Bradford, 2d lieutenant.

Achilles Morris, Captain,
Oliver Diefendorff, 1st lieutenant,
Alfred C. Campbell, 2d lieutenant,
John D. Foster, 2d lieutenant.

Daniel Newcomb, Captain,
Richard Murphy, 1st lieutenant,
Benjamin Howard, 2d lieutenant,

Charles Maltby, 2d lieutenant.

John C. Hurt, Captain,
George M. Cowardin, 1st lieutenant,
Jacob P. Shaum, 2d lieutenant,
David A. Brown, 2d lieutenant.

Edward Jones, Captain,
Leonard A. Knott, 1st lieutenant,
William A. Tinney, 2d lieutenant,
Benjamin F. Perry, 2d lieutenant.

John S. McConkey, Captain,
Wm. C. McReynolds, 1st lieutenant,
J. W. S. Alexander, 2d lieutenant,
Albert F. Shaw, 2d lieutenant.

Lewis W. Ross, Captain,
George W. Stipp, 1st lieutenant,
Joseph L. Sharp, 2d lieutenant,
John B. McDowell, 2d lieutenant.

A. D. Wright, Captain,
Robert C. Scott, 1st lieutenant,
William C. Clary, 2d lieutenant,
Sheldon J. Johnson, 2d lieutenant.

1774

